The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIX NO. 20 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

FAKE AUTHORS *By Frederick Lewis Allen*

TUSCULUM LIBRARY LEBANON

IN THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "My Memoir" by Edith Bolling Wilson

SIDNEY B. FAY
Reviews "Memoirs of the Peace Conference" by David Lloyd George

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "The Letters of T. E. Lawrence" edited by David Garnett

GEORGE McLEAN HARPER
Reviews "Samuel Taylor Coleridge" by E. K. Chambers

DAVID H. POPPER
Reviews "Reaching for the Stars" by Nora Waln

ODELL SHEPARD
Reviews "Paradise Planters" by Katherine Burton

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Reviews "The Story Writer" by Edith Mirrielees

Other Reviews by N. L. ROTHMAN, BERNARD DeVOTO, MERRILL DENISON, GARRETT MATTINGLY, RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

Wide World

EDITH BOLLING WILSON

"Some of the importance of this book which his [Wilson's] widow has written lies in the fact that it presents his side of that last great battle for what he deemed were peace and freedom" . . .

(See page 5)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

By ROLAND BARKER and WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

A novel of violence and passion, of sea trade and battle in Africa and America, the tumultuous life of the Guinea Coast with its trading posts and forts, the jungles and villages of the interior. [*Out Tuesday, March 14th*]

The story portrays that era of romance and unbridled lawlessness, the late years of the slave trade. Against a panorama filled with historic detail moves a colorful cast in a blood-stirring plot. **$2.50**

ALL IN ONE BREATH

By David Morton

A book of fifty lyrics, simple but sensitive in phrasing and with a quality that has all but passed from modern poetry.

Mr. Morton's verses speak clearly and with an individual accent of the shapes and colors of earth, of the implications of mortality. The author's previous volumes have won for him a wide popularity. **$1.50**

THE LAKE OF THE ROYAL CROCODILES

By EILEEN BIGLAND

Author of

"Laughing Odyssey"

In remote Central Africa lies Shiwa Ngandu, *(Lake of Crocodiles)*, a small and lovely sheet of water in the heart of the Bemba Kingdom. Mrs. Bigland flew there by plane, visiting a 30,000 acre estate into which had been incorporated an entire district of natives. Her account of her stay abounds in the witty anecdote and absorbing descriptive detail found in her previous volume, a popular best seller. **$2.50**

STRAWS IN AMBER

By Naomi Jacob

The thousands who enjoyed "Time Piece" and "Lenient God" will find in this new novel the same lively and robust qualities.

"Straws in Amber" deals with the backstage life that Miss Jacob knows so well from her own experience as an actress. Interwoven with an appealing romance are pictures of stage-folk and incident. **$2.50**

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fake Authors

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

A FEW years ago Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, received a letter from a man in Chicago imploring her to stop ruining his son's life. To her amazement she learned from the letter that she was living in Chicago, as was the Canadian gentleman's son; that she had been trying to coax the son to give up his business career and become a writer like herself, assuring him that she could make his way easy for him; that she had taken him with her on a trip to St. Paul; and that altogether she was demoralizing him. Wouldn't she please stop it?

Mrs. Atherton promptly replied that she had not only never met the Canadian gentleman's son but had not been in Chicago for years. Plainly somebody was impersonating her. And she did one more thing. At that time she was writing a column in the Hearst newspapers. In her column she suggested that the young man in Chicago take his "Gertrude Atherton" to call upon a relative of hers, Ashton Stevens, dramatic critic of the Chicago *American*.

Needless to say, the call was not made. So far as Mrs. Atherton was concerned, the incident ended right there—though one may reasonably wish that one might know exactly what happened between the young man and young woman when that item in Mrs. Atherton's column appeared.

An altogether exceptional incident, would you think? On the contrary: the strangest thing about it is that it is not exceptional at all, except in detail. At least half of the most widely known writers in America have at one time or another discovered that somebody, somewhere, was assuming their identity for purposes of his own.

Why should this happen to authors any more than to other people? Very few of them are rich. Most of them are notoriously indigent. And even the exceptional author who makes a good living has no better access to wealth and privilege than thousands of business men.

The reason may be apparent if we analyze a hypothetical case of impersonation—in its most innocuous form. Let us say that a young man whose name

Frederick Lewis Allen

happens to be Wilder goes to a party in a small town where he is not known. As the evening progresses, somebody asks him if he is the author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." If he is by this time in a devil-may-care mood, and particularly if his questioner is attractive and seems ready to believe anything, he may admit that he is—or at least may bridle becomingly, look confused, and murmur something that is taken for a modest confession of authorship. The girl is impressed; and as the news goes about the room, young Mr. Wilder finds himself the focus of the party.

Why, he thinks, it's child's play! If he has claimed to be a well-known musician, somebody may thrust a violin into his hands or lead him to a piano or expect him to warble a few native wood-notes wild. If he has claimed to be an actor, somebody may realize that he doesn't look his part. If he has claimed to be a big business man, he may be expected to spend money—and anyhow, only the names of the very biggest business men are widely known. But novelists' faces are not widely known; their names, on the other hand, are. They cannot be made to perform at short notice; nobody is going to set up a typewriter and ask a novelist to run off a chapter of fiction to entertain the company. And they do command a certain deference, ranging all the way from a distrustful embarrassment in their presence to a sentimental and uncritical adulation. Realizing this, Mr. Wilder begins to play the part of Thornton Wilder with more abandon.

That, I dare say, is how most literary impersonations begin—in sheer vanity. There was, for instance, an actual case somewhat similar to the hypothetical one I have just cited; and the young man (whose name really was Wilder) did very well with it until a day or two later, when Thornton Wilder's presence in town had been featured in the local paper and a resident of the town had informed the paper by letter that she had given Thornton Wilder's mother the bassinet which had held him forty years before. This worried the young man, for he was only twenty-one: the discrepancy in dates was uncomfortable. He thereupon confessed all to the real Thornton Wilder and begged for mercy.

Or take an experience of Kenneth Roberts's. A few years ago he took a night train from Maine to Philadelphia, went direct from the station to the office of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and was talking with George Horace Lorimer, the editor, when he was told there was a telephone call for him. A girl's voice then informed him over the telephone that she was going to accept his invitation to lunch. When he said that there must have been some mistake, the voice assured him there was not; she was the girl who had come up from Charleston with him the night be-

Next Week

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP?
By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

WICKFORD POINT
By J. P. MARQUAND
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pedar Brugière
Gertrude Atherton

Royal Atelier
Ben Ames Williams

Blank & Stoller
Ray Stannard Baker

Harold Stein
Kenneth Roberts

Clinedinst
Mary Roberts Rinehart

fore. Hadn't he told her that he could be reached by telephone at the *Post*?

Further questioning brought the information that her Kenneth Roberts was tall and blond and had been in Charleston getting information for a series of articles on the Civil War. No, he had not tried to borrow any money from her. Apparently his assumption of authorship had been made purely as an aid to conquest.

Not all impostors, however, are content with the rewards of feminine attention. Often they lecture under their assumed names, or accept lavish hospitality, or cash checks, or try otherwise to make money on their false pretenses; and sometimes their behavior is, if not scandalous, at least embarrassing to the real possessor of the name they adopt.

Thus, while it was simply amusing to Mary Roberts Rinehart to learn that the governor of one of the Western states, during a large round-up, had received a letter signed with her name and had thereupon asked the lady to sit in his box, it was somewhat disquieting to learn that a "Mary Roberts Rinehart" other than herself had lectured at a large Western college. And once Mrs. Rinehart discovered, quite by accident, that a woman had been using her name to give instructions to literary novices. It happened that Mrs. Rinehart and her husband were taking their 38-foot boat from Washington to New Bedford. Near Wilmington they had engine trouble, and they went to a hotel in Wilmington while repairs were made. At the hotel Mrs. Rinehart found a letter addressed to her and waiting to be called for—and the letter thanked her for her advice and said that the twenty-five dollars was on its way. Mrs. Rinehart did not recognize the signature of the letter, had never charged anybody for literary advice, had never stopped in Wilmington before, and had, of course, arrived there only by an unpredictable accident; clearly an impostor was making money on her reputation.

The spurious lecturers are many. That they not only dare to face an audience which might—for all they know—contain an acqaintance of the author whose name they assume, but that they actually succeed in bamboozling their auditors, is testimony both to their boldness and, I am afraid, to the gullibility of some lecture-goers. One of the lecturing impostors, who assumed the name of Edna Ferber, behaved so badly that outraged citizens of various towns she had visited wrote to Miss Ferber's publishers to protest at her rowdiness. It is said, incidentally, that this "Edna Ferber"—or another one—once spoke before a women's club in a small Texas city on the same platform with a spurious "Octavus Roy Cohen," and that neither of them knew that the other was not genuine.

Why, you may ask, aren't such impostors brought to book by the law? Well, in the first place, under the common law a man may change his name at will unless he does it for a fraudulent purpose. I can call myself Sinclair Lewis so long as I don't cash in on the claim or behave in such a way as to do real damage to the real Mr. Lewis. In the second place, if I masquerade as Sinclair Lewis, run up a board bill in an Idaho town, try to make love to the landlady, and then decamp—as somebody once did—the real Mr. Lewis has only a somewhat dubious claim for damages; it is the landlady against whom I have chiefly offended. Similarly it is the lecture audiences who are defrauded by the phony lecturers. And in the third place, even if the people who have thus been actually victimized are able to catch the offender, they usually hesitate to confess their gullibility in court—though they may long for a chance to use a horsewhip.

No horsewhip was used on the fake "Kenneth Roberts" who lectured at Titusville, Florida, but he was made distinctly aware of the community's displeasure.

> In the spring of 1939 [writes the real Mr. Roberts] on my return from Italy, I found a number of letters from the Chamber of Commerce of Titusville, asking me to telegraph them where I had been on the night of April 12th. I telegraphed back that I had been on the *S. S. Saturnia* between Algiers and Gibraltar; and shortly thereafter I received several letters from Titusville informing me that I had been living for the past winter in that vicinity under the name of Silas Perkins. Early in April I had volunteered to address the Titusville Chamber of Commerce on the subject of My Art, and my offer had been accepted. Mr. Perkins appeared and explained in detail how and why he had taken the pen-name of Kenneth Roberts, and all about the arduous labor and interesting experiences that fall to the lot of a moderately successful novelist.
>
> Something about me had impressed the editor of the Titusville *Star-Times* as being not quite in character. Perhaps I was too well dressed; perhaps I didn't look sufficiently worried; at all events, he decided to take the matter up with the *Saturday Evening Post* and find out where I really was. When the *Post* replied that I was on my way home from Italy, the officers of the Chamber of Commerce joined the editor in a determination to unmask the impostor. . . . They lured Silas Perkins-Kenneth Roberts into Titusville, forced the poor fellow to apologize to everybody who had attended his lecture, and made things so uncomfortable for him that he shortly thereafter vanished.

Apparently there is something irresistible to impostors in the very idea of a pen-name. It simplifies matters for them. Ben Ames Williams's novel, "The Great Accident," was laid in an Ohio town. Shortly after it was published, Mr. Williams's father was in northern Ohio and heard the book mentioned. "Yes," remarked a local man, "a fellow here in town wrote it." "Is his name Ben Ames Williams?" asked Mr. Williams's father. "No," was the answer; "he writes under a pseudonym."

An ingenious variant of this device is reported by Booth Tarkington. Let Mr. Tarkington himself tell the story:—

> Long ago, I'd written and published a little book called "Monsieur Beaucaire," and the girls seemed to like it. One day after it had been out a few months I had a letter and simultaneously a telegram from classmates of mine on the West Coast; a young man from New York was out there, telling the girls he was the "real Booth Tarkington"; and he was giving away copies of "Monsieur Beaucaire" signed with his own name and mine after it in quotation marks.
>
> His explanation was that he came of a proud old New York stock and they couldn't bear to have an author in the family, so he'd gone to Indiana and employed me, not to write for him——far be it!—but to publish his manu-

(*Continued on page* 13)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; George Stevens, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $3.50 a year, Canada $4. Vol. XIX, No. 20, March 11, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilson's Side of the Story

MY MEMOIR. By Edith Bolling Wilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

MRS. EDITH BOLLING WILSON, the second wife of President Woodrow Wilson, has written a most important book. It is her side, and presumably President Wilson's side, of the controversy which arose between November 11, 1918 and his death.

In Wilson's life were three or four major clashes. But the great clash—great in that it affected the destiny of his country and the world—came after the Armistice when President Wilson, afire for his dream of universal peace, consented to a treaty full of the poison of future wars, and tried to force the treaty and the covenant of the League of Nations upon his country. In all his controversies, Wilson parted with friends, made new ones, and went on, generally victoriously. But in the last clash, his body broke, his will was thwarted. And some of the importance of this book which his widow has written lies in the fact that it presents his side of that last great battle for what he deemed were peace and freedom.

The two friends who fell away in the final clash were, first, Joseph Tumulty, his private secretary, who had come with him out of the Governor's office in New Jersey and had been with him eight years; and second, Colonel E. M. House, who had organized his victory in the Presidential nominating convention, as much as any other one man, and who had been his faithful servant from the day he entered the White House until he returned from Paris with the Treaty of Versailles.

Mrs. Wilson, in her Memoir, contends that at crucial moments these two men were unfaithful to the President. She sets down at some length the story of her rupture with Colonel House. In Paris, the newspapers, particularly the American and English newspapers, were giving Colonel House credit for more power than he had. Mrs. Wilson felt that it was unfair for these newspapers to describe the Colonel as "the brains of the Commission." In Paris, one day, Colonel House called upon the President in Mr. Wilson's absence and found Mrs. Wilson opening a package of papers which had proclaimed that Colonel House was indeed the brains of the Commission. She had it out with him on the spot. She read to the Colonel several paragraphs from the newspaper clippings she had just opened. His face, she writes, "turned crimson." He asked if President Wilson had seen one of the objectionable articles. Being told he had not seen it, the Colonel "sprang up; taking his coat in one hand he held out the other" and fled. By the time he had reached the door he "fled as though pursued." Anyone who knew the meek and mousy little Colonel can see him skedaddling before what he probably had evidence to believe was a woman's scorn. Then in came Admiral Grayson and there is a page of dialogue in which she makes it evident that he attempted to soothe Mrs. Wilson. And in the midst of the scene her husband entered. Mrs. Wilson records that the President said: "I am sorry you hurt House. I would as soon doubt your loyalty as his. All this is an attempt to misrepresent things at home."

Harris & Ewing

President and Mrs. Wilson in the White House Study, June, 1920.

"But," she writes in her Memoirs, "the conversation of the afternoon when he fled my drawing room proved to be my last with Colonel House." By a curious coincidence, it was the beginning of the end of the friendship between the Colonel and the President. A hundred pages later in her book, the story moves to the years after Woodrow Wilson had left the White House. Here is the record of the break with Joseph Tumulty. It was in April, 1922, that Joseph Tumulty had his last interview with the President. Tumulty at that interview tried to get the President to send a message to an important formal Democratic dinner in Washington. The President refused. Tumulty, when he went to the dinner in Washington, in the ardor of his enthusiasm, being Irish, gave the toastmaster an anonymous message which was in itself trivial and unimportant, which merely kept the President's name before the party satraps. But alas, it was construed as an endorsement of Mr. Cox, the Presidential candidate who had been defeated in 1920. The President, of course, was angry. Very soon the authorship of the anonymous greeting which had been sent to the dinner was traced to Tumulty. Wilson's indignant repudiation of the message of course put Tumulty in an unpleasant light. Tumulty was excited and there was a great to-do in the Tumulty and Wilson households. Tumulty asked the President to lighten the blow. The President would not do it. Tumulty made a clean breast of it, told the reporters that the President sent no telegram and that the whole thing was the result of a casual conversation in which a casual "message" was sent in a casual manner. Probably there was no formal "message." The President asked his wife to "let the unpleasant affair fade out. Tumulty will sulk for a few days and then come like a spanked child to say that he is sorry and wants to be forgiven." The Tumulty correspondence which has been given to the press recently indicates that Tumulty tried to see the President and did try to patch the matter up, and to resume the old relation. He wrote a beautiful letter to Mrs. Wilson, obviously seeking a personal interview. But probably she felt properly that her husband's health would not stand the strain of an emotional scene. A year later the President wrote a letter to James Kerney, a powerful Democratic leader in New Jersey, suggesting Tumulty as the Democratic candidate for United States Senator. But Tumulty never saw the President again after the break.

These breaks between the President and his old friends may not be properly laid to the door of Mrs. Wilson. Similar breaks came in Princeton and in Trenton when Wilson was Governor. He was proud to boast that he had a single-track mind and he could not "tolerate fools gladly" nor distinguish between a man who differed from him and an enemy. Each to that single-track mind was equally untrustworthy. The greatness of Woodrow Wilson will not be gainsaid. His service to humanity is still to find its last reward in a renewing fame which must come when the nations of the world see the wisdom of his course. But he was what he was and had to act as he must act with his endowment.

These stories of the President's affairs with House and Tumulty, more or less typical of others, however authentic they may be, do not encompass the real value of Mrs. Wilson's "Memoir." Her book is full of historical background. And she has told her story unconsciously out of her heart. The man in another day who writes the great story of the Wilsonian tragedy, will have to turn to "My Memoir" of Edith Bolling Wilson, for the color of the times.

William Allen White is the author of a recent life of Coolidge.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sparks from Lawrence's Pen

THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. Edited by David Garnett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE publishers of this remarkable book say that Colonel Lawrence was a very great letter-writer. Their statement is probably justified, but it is hard to tell from a first reading. One needs to digest this author's correspondence. There are 850-odd pages of letters, packed with thinking, erratic with congested detail, allusive, elusive, witty, erudite, always familiar. They read as if sparks flew from the pen as he wrote. Personality electrifies them to a degree which makes the brain tingle, till the reader slows down. Few letters have less than a dozen subjects. There is the kind of tension in them which you get in a too witty play. Without annotation, some of them would be unintelligible to the uninformed,—but there is good annotation. An active intellect at work upon the complex life of our times is certainly displayed in this book.

Most of the letters are high-spirited, but not all. Lawrence writes from the camp where he enlisted anonymously as a private:

To Lionel Curtis

27.3.23 (Bovington Camp)

. . . Here every man has joined because he was down and out: and no one talks of the Army or of promotion, or of trades and accomplishments. . . . We are social bed-rock, those unfit for life-by-competition: and each of us values the rest as cheap as he knows himself to be.

I suspect that this low estimation is very much the truth. . . . The leisured world for hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years has been jealously working and recording the advance of each generation for the starting-point of the next—and here these masses are as animal, as carnal as were their ancestors before Plato and Christ and Shelley and Dostoevsky taught and thought. In this crowd it's made startlingly clear how short is the range of human knowledge, and what poor conductors of it ordinary humans are. . . .

The pity of it is, that you've got to take this black core of things in camp, this animality, on trust. . . . I can't write it, because in literature such things haven't ever been, and can't be. To record the acts of Hut 12 would produce a moral-medical case-book, not a work of art but a document. It isn't the filth of it which hurts me, because you can't call filthy the pursuit of a bitch by a dog, . . . but I lie in bed night after night with this cat-calling carnality seething up and down the hut, . . . and my mind aches with the rawness of knowing that it will cease only when the slow bugle calls for "lights out" an hour or so hence, . . . and the waiting is so slow. . . . However the call comes always in the end, and suddenly at last, like God's Providence, a dewfall of peace upon the camp . . . but surely the world would be more clean if we were dead or mindless?

I get several impressions of Lawrence new to me from this book, and I prefer to write of them rather than to follow the course of the letters, which would be hopeless in a brief review, or discuss the revelations of inside history they contain, which would need expert knowledge and book length. But these revelations are not sensational. Lawrence disapproved of his age, his country's ways, and many of his superiors, but he bucked with rather than against them. He was that type common among England's best, a radical conservative.

The early portion of the book is essentially the lengthy journal of a young archeologist. The letters tell of the making of a scholar; and a scholar in war, and after war, Lawrence was and remained. His famous Arabian adventure fits into its place in his personal history, and becomes easily explicable—granting his undoubted genius. As an archeologist-historian, whose specialty was military castles, he approached the Arabian situation as a research problem to be solved by experiments based on the known facts. His job was to put together a strategy and invent a tactics from every kind of evidence available, precisely as an archeologist puts together a culture from his studies of fragments. This explains, I think, the experimental character of his exploits, his determination that they should all fit into a scheme, and his crushing disappointment when the war succeeded but Arabian unity failed. It explains, also, the intense personal zest of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." The author is neither soldier nor adventurer, but a research man with a creative brain, turned loose upon the management of life in a dynamic moment.

When the war was won, the peace lost, and Lawrence, disgusted with the outcome, was trying to conceal his too notorious identity, the same congenital scholar is at work. He enters the army to get the steadying effect of routine and freedom from financial anxieties, but equally to study the organization of an air force and work on the mechanics of flying boats. His editor guesses that his contributions in this direction may prove to be his greatest. And in the hours of leisure which day's end in a camp provided better than life in London, his mind ranges all over the field of contemporary intellectual activity, classifying, sorting, criticizing, constantly comparing the one book for which he was known with other contemporary achievements, usually to its discredit. Translating Homer came naturally to a man trained as an archeologist, passionate about great writing, who had lived in some measure at least a Homeric life. Note in reading these letters, especially to Winston Churchill, or to officials responsible for the East, how he brings out his facts in flashes from any year, any place, but all documented, like a scholar producing cards from his catalogue. If Lawrence was a professional at anything, which he doubted, it was in constructive scholarship.

T. E. Lawrence in 1935

Another strong impression from these letters is that, though he insisted he was normal Anglo-Irish, Lawrence was a man quite out of this time, though not, perhaps, of the next. His eccentricities, vanities, and egoisms do not enter into this distinction, although they have helped to build up a legend of abnormality for a man who, to judge from these letters, was abnormal only in the speed of his thinking, and the intensity of his emotional reactions.

But everywhere you look in this book is clear evidence that this man was out of step with the type mind of the 10's and 20's and 30's. It took big men to understand him. He was at home with Doughty, Allenby, Hardy, Shaw, though like none of them. The truth seems to be that he completed very early in life a synthesis which H. G. Wells might have envied for his novels. He had retained the feudal tradition of loyalty to service inherited from his gentleman father, added the passionate desire for truth of a good scholar, and blended with these the twentieth-century creative scientist's willingness to abolish precedents and create a future. From this composite ideal came most of his troubles, if all of his success. The war, which was a nineteenth-century war of economic objectives concealed by words and conducted by military leaders who were servants of politicians, let him down constantly, although he always bobbed up until his job was done. He simply could not understand the motives of half-way men thinking in terms of material gain or loss. He is as outside the profit system as if he had been born in the twelfth century. This made him a marvelous fighter, for he was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned only with victory, but a poor prophet, since he kept assuming that a logical solution of the mess from the point of view of history was what the countries at war would eventually accept. They did not, and the tough little Irishman with roughened hair and finely chiseled mouth ran his motorcycle off the road and was killed at a moment which, considering his disillusions, many have thought fortunate.

I cannot feel so. Colonel Lawrence seems to me, after reading these letters, to have many of the attributes which are shaping for the next age. He was interested in action rather than security. His open mind took to science naturally and worked it into a creative scheme for enlarging men's powers. Most of all he had a faculty for seeing men and events historically as involved in a process of change where nothing shocks the creative mind that understands how things have happened. All this seems in accord with the trend of a mid-twentieth century, where, unfortunately, minds of his brilliance, and sanity, seem to be rare.

Interpreting Brook Farm

PARADISE PLANTERS: The Story of Brook Farm. By Katherine Burton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by ODELL SHEPARD

THE author of this book tells us in her foreword that it contains "no interpolation of fancy." She wishes us to understand that "the facts told in these pages have been culled from existing documents and so has the conversation. Whether it is utterly correct in detail I cannot promise. But I have tried to keep this book fact and not fiction, for surely imagination should have no part in biography when one can find actual data from which to build a life or a history."

One knows, of course, the absurdities recently perpetrated in biographical writing from which these assertions, and indeed the chapters of the book that follows them, are a reaction. It has been pointed out before, however, that whenever we attempt to escape from Scylla, Charybdis is always waiting.

Completely faithful and consistent in the application of her theory, the author has "culled" her facts and conversation from journals, letters, books, and articles written at and about Brook Farm by a considerable number of persons, important and obscure. With little concern for chronology and with scant attention to continuity of thought or of topic, she has wedged these materials into a pattern of events which has slight discernible resemblance to what actually went on at Brook Farm. Much of what she reports as conversation she has drawn from written discourse, frequently with a complete change of context. Seldom does it give the effects of living speech, but all too frequently one hears in it the sententious ring of Transcendental rhetoric. A good many of her facts give the impression of falsity because they are misunderstood and misinterpreted. Taken as a whole, the book has only the most distant relationship to the truth of Brook Farm—and this precisely because there is no adequate and controlled work of the imagination in it.

The Brook Farm Community was a group of highly interesting persons who formed one of the most fascinating societies America has ever had. It is clear that Miss Burton has meant to present them as a social group, but it is also lamentably clear that she has failed in her purpose. After complaining that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has failed, in his "Flowering of New England," to present the religious background of Transcendentalism and of Brook Farm, she herself really does fail to give her readers any coherent account of that background. The realization that George and Sophia Ripley, Charles Dana, John Sullivan Dwight, and Isaac Hecker were passionately devoted to an ideal of reform does not emerge from her pages. She presents them as amiable chatterers, playing at life and making agreeable little speeches to one another *à propos* of little or nothing. Her people give the effect of marionettes performing in a tiny play that has no plot.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks worked out for himself in his "Emerson" a style of writing, highly useful when put to its proper uses, which has had an unfortunate effect upon this probably unconscious imitator. In the work of Brooks it is a style held taut and true by sound thinking, by extensive knowledge, and, most of all, by imagination. But it is a bow of Odysseus which others had better not try to draw.

Odell Shepard is the author of "Pedlar's Progress," a life of Bronson Alcott, and the editor of Alcott's journals.

Looking for the Best

REACHING FOR THE STARS. By Nora Waln. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

SUBTLE tragedy, deep understanding, tenderness, and hope pervade the pages of this book. In it Nora Waln, Quaker and student of Oriental philosophy, has distilled the essence of four years of observation as a resident in Nazi Germany, and has portrayed the impact of totalitarianism on the German people with rare sensitiveness. It was not an easy task. Superficial personalities can praise or damn a people unreservedly, but individuals of insight cannot do so. In Germany Mrs. Waln was confronted by the age-old paradox of secular government. Like most Americans she was enchanted by the lovable qualities of the people. To her they were and are "the most generously kind, the quickest to sympathy," the cleanest and most efficient people she had ever known—Nazis and non-Nazis alike. Yet on the foundation of such humane characteristics has been erected an implacably chauvinistic and tyrannical regime. The question was insistent: how can such things be? Is the old Germany, the Germany of free art and culture and scientific investigation, dead? Or does it lie "as Snow White in a trance from eating a poisoned apple"?

Baldridge
Nora Waln

For four years Mrs. Waln sought to plumb the depths of the German character. She studied carefully the works of the Nazi revolution—its propaganda methods, its dicta on history, labor, and marriage, its psychological grip on people whom it had rescued from despair. Her conclusions will give heart to those who have sickeningly feared, these six years, that the wonderful nation they once knew has been consumed in the Nazi fire. With the habit of obedience to political authority ingrained in their very souls over a period of generations, the German people as a whole have not had the moral courage or the civic responsibility to protest the arbitrary and capricious persecution to which they have fallen prey. In instance after instance recorded in this book they have dumbly, passively, fearfully acquiesced in injustice at the hands of the Party. Yet Mrs. Waln is firmly convinced that the spirit of dissatisfaction is rising, particularly because of Germany's belligerent foreign policy. Unlike some other observers she finds that blind allegiance to the Führer is most common among the middle-aged, while many of the youth are torn by doubts. The propaganda of anti-semitism and the creed of international hatred have in many instances failed to take root and sometimes have even provoked an adverse reaction. As her German friends are forced to seek refuge abroad and tales of discontent percolate out of Germany to her, she is emboldened to prophesy a drastic change in German government. Millions, abroad and in the Reich, will pray that her faith is justified.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

George Stevens..... Editor
Noble A. Cathcart..... Publisher
Amy Loveman..... Associate Editor
Henry Seidel Canby, William Rose Benét, Christopher Morley } Contributing Editors

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

The Saturday Review cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1939, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

What, No Books?

Books are threatened . . . by the indifference of public opinion. . . . Little by little people are finding ways of satisfying their thirst for knowledge without having recourse to books. . . . Radio and cinema are daily playing a more and more important part, not only in the amusements of the twentieth-century man but also in the visible formation of his character. . . . The intellectual leaders of our time have not yet begun to give vigorous attention to their uneasiness. Possibly some of them believe that in future the human race will keep its recipes for living not in libraries, but on ebonite disks and gelatine films.

THE man who wrote all that is M. Georges Duhamel, novelist, publisher, literary man, and viewer-with-alarm. Readers of his book on the United States, "America the Menace," know him in the last of these capacities; and there is a lot of viewing with alarm in the first part of his new book, "In Defence of Letters."* Otherwise the book includes a number of interesting essays on literary topics—"The Faculty of Invention," "The Social Function of the Writer," "The Art of Narration," "The Classical Tradition," etc.—written with the insight of a practising novelist who is also a well read critic. All these are worth reading. They are themselves in "the classical tradition" of French criticism, which means that they are original without being subjective, solid without being heavy. However, the most interesting part of the book is the opening section, in which M. Duhamel reveals himself, in passages like those quoted above, as the Jeremiah of the book business.

Now this is not the first time we have heard of the threat to the future of the book carried by the radio, the movie, the picture magazines. This dismal prophecy is becoming a commonplace. It is therefore time to ask whether or not the prophecy makes sense. We don't know how it is in France—we always thought books sold better there than in America—but as far as this country is concerned, we have considered the matter, with reference to the well publicized substitutes for reading, and have come to the conclusion that the book is here to stay.

For instance, last week's *Publishers' Weekly* carries the latest census figures for book manufacturing in this country. Taken every two years, the latest census (for 1937) reveals that 197,359,076 books (copies, not separate titles) were produced here in that year, as against 140,651,953 in 1935, and 110,789,913 in 1933. Every category of reading except poetry and drama showed a substantial increase.

For instance, librarians in this country have continually reported growing demands on their facilities, and the problem of getting increased library facilities has never been more acute. The motion picture industry has just completed a season of exceptional ballyhoo, topped off by a $250,000 prize contest, to get people to go to the movies. The American Library Association, stating that 45,000,000 Americans are without library facilities, are supporting legislation for federal aid to libraries, in order to get libraries for people to go to. (This legislation, sponsored by Senators Harrison and Thomas and Representative Larrabee, is substantially the same in its library features as the bill introduced last year, based on the Report of the President's Advisory Committee on Education. That bill was favorably reported by the Senate Committee, was still in Committee in the House when Congress adjourned. It is hoped that the present bill, known as S. 1305 and H. R. 3517, will fare better.)

For instance, when the movies produce a film based on a well known book, new editions of the book are printed, new readers are made ("David Copperfield," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "The Citadel"). For instance, when a popular radio speaker recommends a book, he sells it to the radio audience ("Lost Horizon"). For instance, when *Life* prints two pages of pictures from or about a book, the publishers and authors rejoice ("Dry Guillotine," "Ferdinand").

It always seems very plausible to say that movies, radio, and picture magazines are killing books, and as long as it seems plausible, people will go on saying so. The next time somebody makes this statement, we should be glad to see him accompany it with evidence. All the evidence we've seen is on the other side.

Information, Please, Yes Speaking of radio, something has been happening to our favorite radio program. We listen every Tuesday night to "Information, Please!" but we can't remember having any information on it since about last November. This is no reflection upon Clifton Fadiman, Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran, or their assorted guests, all of whom carry on with spontaneity, liveliness, and resource; they are as entertaining as ever; but their wit is wasted on a succession of questions which have been approaching the level of inanity. The sponsors seem to like trick questions, such as, "Name a famous blonde who moved in on a family of three and was obliged to scram."* That one is typical. We neither expect nor desire to repair our neglected education by listening to "Information, Please!" but it used to appeal to collectors of miscellaneous, useless, and therefore esthetically satisfying knowledge; now it is just a party game. There must be others who feel as we do, and who would like to see the sponsors put some information into "Information, Please!"

* Answer: Goldilocks.

* *IN DEFENCE OF LETTERS. By Georges Duhamel. New York: The Greystone Press.* 1939. $2.75.

Young Girl in a Mirror

BY SARA KOLB DANNER

THIS is the face I look upon
With some of evil, some of good,
The high cheek bones are curved and brown,
The dark hair is an umber hood.

Before the temple's molded hollows
Each eyebrow lies like a small black feather,
The restless eyes are two mated swallows
Who always fly away together.

My nose juts out like the prow of a ship
And my ears fold back like a pair of shells,
Between each warm and curving lip
My voice rings out like a chime of bells.

From the drawn bow of the mouth's red arc
The arrows of words come pinging forth,
They come in the sun, they come in the dark,
They go to the east, west, south and north.

As a quick storm changes the cobalt sky
With its fork of lightning and peal of thunder,
Anger and temper go flashing by,
How can I hold them back I wonder?

This is the face that peers at me,
The ghost of the one I'll have some day,
What kind of face will it grow to be
When this mask of youth has worn away?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *William Byrd of Westover; Robinson on Laziness*

Intimate Diary of William Byrd

SIR:—In the course of research in the Huntington Library for a book on the intellectual background of colonial Virginia, the writer of this note had occasion to go through manuscript material concerned with William Byrd II, of Westover. One document proved to have unusual value. It was a diary in shorthand, kept by Byrd from February 6, 1709 to September 29, 1712, giving an intimate and fairly detailed account of the everyday life of a Virginia planter.

The connection of the diary with William Byrd was first noticed by Miss Norma Cuthbert of the Manuscripts Department of the Huntington Library. She observed that a notebook filled with shorthand entries had a few leaves written out in the handwriting of William Byrd II. Miss Cuthbert expressed an opinion that the shorthand entries might be a journal kept by Byrd. Fortunately, a former member of the Huntington Library staff, Mrs. Marion Tinling, who has made a special study of older systems of shorthand, was able to read the notes. Mrs. Tinling is now at work deciphering the document. Enough progress has been made to show from internal evidence that it is beyond question Byrd's journal. When the transcription is completed, we propose to edit the journal for publication. The transcription of the document will require several months.

Since the diary begins and ends abruptly, it is possible that the Huntington Library manuscript is only a portion of Byrd's journal. As all the world knows, intimate journals of so early a date in the Southern colonies are extremely rare. The newly discovered document will not only make possible a reinterpretation of Byrd's character and qualities, but it will also make a valuable contribution to the original source material available to social historians. If other portions of the journal could be brought to light, the historical value of the documents would be increased still further. In the hope that a notice of the discovery of the Byrd diary might lead to the finding of other portions of the journal, this statement is being published through the courtesy of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Any information concerning shorthand diaries, possibly by Byrd, will be appreciated if sent to the writer of this notice at the address below.

LOUIS B. WRIGHT.

Huntington Library,
San Merino, Cal.

E. A. R.'s First Appearance?

SIR:—Recently I discovered what appears to be the first appearance of Edwin Arlington Robinson in print. The item I refer to is a small, thin, paper-covered pamphlet entitled "The Amateur" which was published in 1888 by the Gardiner High School Class of '88, of which "Win" Robinson was a member. In the pamphlet is an article on "Laziness" which, according to a schoolmate of Robinson's, was written by E. A. R. I thought possibly that some *Saturday Review* reader might be able to shed more light on what I have found. Mr. C. B. Hogan in his bibliography records "Thalia" (March 29, 1890) as the first appearance in print of E. A.

HOWARD G. SCHMITT.

Hamburg, N. Y.

"I want enough reading to last me through the World's Fair."

"Through Embassy Eyes"

SIR:—After reading Vera Micheles Dean's review of Martha Dodd's "Through Embassy Eyes," I feel compelled to write a protest against what seems like a personal prejudice, and is certainly unfairness. Is it not unreasonable to expect Miss Dodd to have an answer to Nazi intolerance and invectives? Our greatest minds today are still working on it.

The book has youth and freshness and is intensely interesting. Miss Dodd says her book is written in passion and hope.

Congratulations to her on its honesty and courage as well.

After all, the critic should judge the result only in relation to the nature of the attempt. De Maupassant said something like that a long time ago, or is that idea old fashioned now?

MRS. HOWARD HOSMER.

Syracuse, N. Y.

(The critic is also entitled to estimate the value of the attempt.—Ed.)

Emersoniana

SIR:—The Columbia University Library is planning to exhibit some of the rarer material in its Ralph Waldo Emerson Collection in the Low Memorial Library during the month of April. The Library now owns most of the first editions of Emerson's published works, and a considerable amount of interesting manuscript material, but we would like to learn of additional manuscripts, letters, and other unique items which the owners would be willing to lend for the exhibition. Variant editions of Emerson's works, portraits, pictures of his home and study, material relating to his lecture tours, or rare association items would be of interest.

CHARLES M. ADAMS,
Assistant to the Director of Libraries.

Columbia University,
New York City.

One Good Murder

SIR:—The letter of Dick O'Neill in your issue of February 11th was so much to the point, and the point so well taken, that I can't refrain from thanking him for it. As a bookseller, and a reader of mystery stories, I have decided that the authors of them must feel that most readers are of about third grade intelligence. The mass murders perpetrated in the average detective story are enough to bore a mind beyond adolescence. One good murder, well worked out, is a diversion and enjoyable reading. I salute the rare ones that come my way.

NONA P. BROWN.

Lancaster, Pa.

Clarke Fisher Ansley

SIR:—The death of Professor Clarke Fisher Ansley will bring back to the minds of his friends the privileges they enjoyed in knowing him. He was a great humanist—not in the limited, modern sense of the term, but in the larger old-fashioned sense. I remember how, when I, a perfect stranger to him, at a time when he was head of the Department of English at the University of Iowa, went to him and asked if I could give a course that year in his department, he looked at me kindly and asked: "What do you know?" This was a rather staggering question; and I could not say anything except: "Very little." He replied: "Nor do I. You may give your course."

A. D. FICKE.

New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Last of the Peacemakers

MEMOIRS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By David Lloyd George. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1939. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S "Memoirs of the Peace Conference" is a worthy continuation of his six volumes of "War Memoirs." Taken all together, these eight large volumes are a remarkable achievement. Especially so, when one considers his advanced age and the terrific activity of his long political career. He is the only peacemaker of first-rate importance still living.

His account of the Peace Conference and its immediate consequences is in many ways less thrilling and exciting than his narrative of the war years. It is, however, of greater interest and value to the historian and the serious critical reader, because he quotes at length from the supposedly very confidential minutes of the Council of Ten, the Council of Four, the Imperial War Cabinet, and other important documents, not to mention his own election and Parliamentary speeches. Without counting the pages, one might hazard the guess that a full quarter of these two volumes consists of long quotations from these fundamental records. Consisting mostly of lively and sometimes heated discussions between the great leaders who had gathered to remake the world, they give a vivid idea of the infinite number of problems and opinions with which the peacemakers had to deal.

It is not for the sake of vividness, however, that Mr. Lloyd George so often cites the record. He does not need to. His own pen and personality are sufficiently dynamic and dramatic. He appeals to the record to correct popular errors and to justify his part and that of his British colleagues at the Peace Conference. President Wilson is lowered a little from the pedestal on which Ray Stannard Baker and others have placed him. M. Clemenceau is given his due as a good fighter for the interests of France. Mr. Paderewski and the Poles and others are scored for their selfish and exorbitant demands. But it would be an unjust mistake to think that the British leader stoops to belittle others in order to exalt himself. His general contention is that, considering the appalling ruins and tragic hatreds of 1919, the treaty-makers as a body did about as good a job as could be expected. If the world in subsequent years has gone from bad to worse and is today in a very parlous state, it is not the Peace Treaties which are primarily to blame. It is the statesmen of lesser stature who in later years failed to live up to the Treaties or abused them for selfish national aims.

Mr. Lloyd George denies emphatically that the Khaki Election in England prior to the Peace Conference was unnecessary and that he used the slogan, "Hang the Kaiser and make the Germans pay the costs of the war!" A general election was necessary, he says, because the Parliament which had been elected in December, 1910, had already exceeded its statutory term by three years. The franchise had been considerably extended in 1917. It would have been an outrage to decide vast issues which affected the lives of over forty million men and women, three-fourths of whom had no voice in the election of the existing Parliament, without consulting them on the policy and plans of the Cabinet. Moreover, if he were to speak with authority at Paris, he felt he had to have a new mandate from the electorate. "As to the 'hanging of the Kaiser,' I never used that phrase." This fantastic idea originated with Lord Curzon and Clemenceau, and not with Lloyd George. The only reference he made to Reparations during the election campaign was to say that Germany must pay to the utmost of her capacity, but at the same time he warned that Germany would never be able to pay the whole British costs of the war.

The rest of the first volume is a straightforward account of the Peace Conference, with sketches of the leading figures and with good chapters devoted to the general problems of dealing with Russia, preventing France from depriving Germany of all land on the left bank of the Rhine, Reparations, Disarmament, the League of Nations, the International Labor Organization, and the presentation of the draft treaty to the Germans. In nearly all of these matters Lloyd George took what would today be generally regarded as the wise side of the question. He was in favor of admitting Russia to the Peace Conference, or at least of bringing about peace negotiations between her and her neighbors. But Lord Curzon, Winston Churchill, and other powerful men in England would have nothing to do with the Bolsheviks except assist in a war against them or shut them off by a "cordon sanitaire," and the French would not hear of dealing with the Soviets who had deserted France at Brest-Litovsk.

The second volume is mainly devoted to the many troubles which arose in connection with setting up the succession states in Eastern Europe, the Italian claims, and the problems arising from the break-up of the old Ottoman Empire.

Two tragic misfortunes for the success of the Versailles Treaty occurred soon after the signature. One was the defeat of Clemenceau.

> He had pledged himself to give both the League and disarmament a fair trial, and he was preëminently a man of his word—and he would have kept it. He gave a pledge in writing that as soon as the undertaking given by Germany in the Treaty to disarm was implemented, the Allies would follow suit. When the Council of Ambassadors in March, 1926, reported that Germany had carried out her obligations, had Clemenceau then been in office, I have no doubt he would have carried out his undertaking. But all the men who had framed that pledge, and the Covenant of the League, had left office years before Germany had fulfilled her part of the Treaty. Their successors dishonored the pledge given in the name and on behalf of the victorious nations.

The other misfortune was the collapse of President Wilson and the staggering blow given to the League by America's failure to ratify the Treaty. "It is not too much to say that when the American Senate walked out on the League and slammed the door, fifty per cent of its power and influence vanished."

Sidney B. Fay is author of "The Origins of the World War."

Lloyd George at work on his new book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Factual Account of Coleridge's Life

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: a Biographical Study. By E. K. Chambers. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. $7.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

TO appreciate this book one must take its subtitle quite literally, for it is concerned almost exclusively with the character and life of Coleridge, his health, his movements from place to place, his relations with people, his money affairs, his dealings with publishers, his literary and philosophical projects. It is a straightforward, extremely full account, with few digressions or comments. For certain important periods it is almost a day-by-day record, so abounding in details and repetitions that even a thoroughly sympathetic reader might wish to rid himself of Coleridge's society for a breathing spell. According to his contemporaries his endless talk was often sublime, but in a single volume of about 350 pages only a few short specimens of it could be given. The text is supported by a vast array of references to letters, anecdotes, and earlier biographies, collected and compared with admirable industry, so that we have here a summary of almost all previous studies of Coleridge's outward existence.

Sir Edmund Chambers has proved to be a most self-sacrificing biographer, content to deal with facts objectively, and in this limited capacity has succeeded admirably, for he has made a book that will be forever indispensable as a fund of information. He makes few attempts, except, one might say, in moments of forgetfulness, to deal with the sources, occasions, and qualities of Coleridge's poems or with the values of his political and philosophical views, or with his theological evolution. The book is not charming or exciting, as Coleridge himself was, and as an account of his life might be made without any departure from documentary evidence.

A painful impression is produced by the large number of "entanglements," the quarrels, tale-bearing, fault-finding, and misunderstandings between Coleridge and his friends, genial and affectionate man though he was. His ready acceptance of innumerable loans and gifts of money even from Lamb and Wordsworth, who could ill afford to make them, is another unpleasant feature. Idealists, reformers, poets, men of good will took him to their hearts wherever he went. They sheltered him, nursed him, and listened with amazement and patience to his talk. Then in most instances "estrangement" supervened—with Southey for persuading him to marry Sarah Fricker, with her because she was merely a good wife, with Thomas Poole and those other generous benefactors, the Wedgwoods, for no substantial reasons at all, with Charles Lloyd not without provocation, with Charles Lamb most unjustly, with the ever faithful, hospitable, self-sacrificing Wordsworths because of a false report and his annoying and dangerous infatuation with Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sara Hutchinson.

Another recurrent theme is his "projects" for poems, essays, text-books, biographies, and philosophical or theological treatises. Southey said to him, "You spawn plans like a herring." Readers who did not know the titles of his actual publications might easily become confused by his constant mentioning of works he intended to write, as if they were already written.

The evidence here assembled makes it plain that his instability and unhappiness were caused by opium and alcohol, but that his craving for these was occasioned by physical ailments. "This body," he said, "that does me grievous wrong."

There are several questionable points in this book. For example, why does Sir Edmund call Mary Evans "a distressed waif" when Coleridge met her in 1808? And when he mentions a letter from Dorothy Wordsworth written in April, 1813, about the failure of efforts at reconciliation with Coleridge, as "the last word of an historic friendship," is he not forgetting the long and happy trip in Belgium, Germany, and Holland made by her brother and Coleridge in company with her niece, Dora, in 1828?

Counsel of Despair

EAST OF EDEN. By I. J. Singer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

FOR at least half its length Mr. Singer's new novel is equal in style and naturalistic fidelity to anything of his we have seen. It is not only one more faithful evocation of the life of Polish Jewry, but it is a section of that life different from any he has thus far portrayed, except in some of his short tales in "The River Breaks Up." The Jewish population along the Vistula is, or perhaps was, a microcosm, abounding in a variety of types and personalities ranging from the élite to the pitied paupers who shoulder their packs from door to door. One of these last is Mattes Ritter, a ragged, luckless peddler, and even more luckless is his son, Nachman, whose harassed career we follow in these pages. Singer turns upon this ill-fated family that same clear and searching vision which illuminated the history of the Ashkenazis. This is the other side of the shield: hunger, helplessness, the dissolution of faith and codes, personal destruction. If one daughter is disgraced with an illegitimate child and another takes frankly to the streets, if Nachman must leave his brief attempt at schooling to become a baker's apprentice, if the mother dies unattended in a hovel and the father is shamed by a slattern, all of these are parts of a pattern that spells out the logical fate of those who are economically and socially dispossessed. The ways in which Mr. Singer presents this history are familiar enough now; they have been discussed enthusiastically and at length with reference to his other works.

I. J. Singer

Aside from this, "East of Eden" does present a new and less satisfying aspect of Mr. Singer's work. About half way through the book, his Nachman Ritter emerges suddenly from obscurity and steps out upon a political stage. Poland has been occupied by the Germans, and Ritter becomes part of the underground Marxist agitation for freedom. His adventures in the movement make it clear to us, if not yet to himself, that he is the dupe of charlatans, for Mr. Singer shows us the Socialist leaders largely as a group of shoddy intriguers, who squabble for honors and know no interests but their own. Even when Ritter crosses the border to Russia, to seek the workers' Mecca, he finds only the same petty maneuvering for power, the same hunger and cruelty he had experienced in the Polish prisons, the same bureaucracy and the same oppressive conditions for the little men, the Ritters. Mr. Singer believes that there is no hope or salvation anywhere for the under-dogs, the little men. This note of despair closes the book. Not too convincingly, for one feels that Mr. Singer has stacked the cards, and dragged Nachman Ritter out of the logical orbit of his life to point this counsel of despair. Not that political commentary is outside the novelist's province. But Nachman was hardly the crucible in which to test the issues of this critical day; and in a hardier character, Mr. Singer might have found the stuff to present a different answer to the question.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advice to Authors

THE STORY WRITER. By Edith Ronald Mirrielees. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IT is a little hard for a short-story writer to review a book on writing the short story. He may know—or think that he knows—why he does what he does. But so much of it is the result of practice and habit that he is often hard put to it to put his reasons into words. Now, there are two "puts" in one sentence, an obvious fault to be avoided by anyone seeking for clarity and euphony in style. I can see a blue pencil descending—excuse it please, Miss Mirrielees (unintentional rhymes should be eschewed by the novice). But wasn't there a centipede who was getting along pretty well until somebody asked him which leg came in front of which? After that he got so tangled up in his own feet that he couldn't walk at all. It isn't your fault, Miss Mirrielees—it is just reading a book about writing. I can see it all now and I never should have been a writer. I never should have tried.

Let us take a long breath and start over again. This is a sensible book on story-writing with a remarkably sensible first chapter. It will *not* (italics, please) make a writer out of you in five easy lessons. Nor does it promise that. But it can and does point out certain remediable faults that are common in the work of a great many apprentice writers. It will tell you something about the uses of time in a story, something about characterization and dialogue, repetition and implication, something about what a story is, something about the viewpoint from which a story is written. These are valuable things to know, if you are capable of absorbing them from a book If you are not capable of absorbing them from a book, you must get them some other way, and that isn't Miss Mirrielees's fault. But what you must not do is this. You must not read this book—or any other book—and then say to yourself, "Ah, now I see. I will write a story full of repetition and implication and, boy, will it be a masterpiece!" Miss Mirrielees doesn't want you to do that. She is far too experienced and sensible. I am not particularly sensible but maybe I'm experienced, and I don't want you to do it. And yet I can see you doing it just the same. I can see them doing it in squads and battalions—can't you, Miss Mirrielees? They're all over the parade-ground now, pounding away at repetition and implication on their typewriters. Would you mind passing me that little glass with the bromide in it—thank you very much.

Yes, it doesn't hurt so much now—it hardly hurts at all. I can think about characterization, and there is hardly a twinge in the nerve. I could even write a story if I could think of a plot. No I can't do that yet. But ladies and gentlemen, there is just one point to be made. This book can help you if you are in a state to be helped. That is if you already have some knack for writing it may give you some hints worth taking. It is definite, it is not long-winded, and it makes some excellent points. It will not help you as much as personal criticism and advice from somebody like Miss Mirrielees. If in spite of Miss Mirrielees's careful qualifications you take it as you would take a course in Yogi, it will not help you at all. For in the end it is your own laborious practice, your own deep-seated desire, and your own material, when you find it, that will make you a writer if you are going to be a writer, not any book, any course, or any single criticism. I am sorry to be dogmatic but that is the McCoy. The class is dismissed for the day.

A Double Love Story, Told with Imagination

THE CITY LIES FOUR-SQUARE. By Edith Pargeter. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN that extremely complex document, the British Order of Precedence, one finds the statement that Knights of the Star of India rank "with but after" Knights of the Bath. One may borrow this useful anomaly and say that "The City Lies Four-Square" ranks with but after "Berkeley Square" and "Peter Ibbetson"; it is not nearly so good as the latter, but it has the same sort of haunting charm. It is the story of Julian, a young man who, in preparation for his marriage, takes an old house, incredibly beautiful and incredibly cheap, and finds that it is possessed by a ghost, an appealing and timid shadow. When he was in the flesh, he had lost his beloved to a rival (as the result of a fantastic and not very convincing wager); and dying soon after, had determined to remain upon earth until she died, to stand unseen beside her while she lived, and to join her soul in the moment of her death. But she had no soul, or so it seemed; and now he is a lonely exile from both the worlds. He succeeds in making a friend of Julian, who tries to help him; the two parallel love stories gradually unfold. Defects in stage management arising from unconvincing motivation keep the book out of the front rank; but it is a wistful and lovely piece of imagination, in which the soul's longing for its beloved and for heaven are exquisitely blended. And the whole tale is bathed in the stained-glass lights of the English medieval mystics. It is one of those books which certain readers will regard with a peculiar, personal affection.

The Girl From Botany Bay

THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY BRYANT. By Geoffrey Rawson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by MARTIN S. CURTLER

GEOFFREY RAWSON has pieced together, from contemporary journals and other documents, a thrilling tale of hardships, courageously endured by certain members of the first settlement in Australia under Governor Phillip and, in particular, of the indomitable character of a woman convict who inspired a reckless flight from Port Jackson in an open boat.

Mary Broad—or Braund, as the author persists in calling her, although he says that "Boswell, who ought to know, always referred to her as Mary Broad"—had been convicted of petty theft and, in accordance with the harsh justice at the end of the eighteenth century, she was sentenced to be transported. The only evidence for Mr. Rawson's explanation of her sentence, namely, that she had helped her sweetheart, Will Bryant, to escape from his imprisonment for smuggling, is to be found in a novel by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery, entitled "A First Fleet Family." The true nature of Mary's crime has been disclosed by Professor Frederick A. Pottle in "Boswell and the Girl from Botany Bay," and Geoffrey Rawson has, strangely enough, quoted, in an appendix, her crime and sentence as recorded in a Public Record Office document.

But these inconsistencies do not prevent the reader from being absorbed in a fast-moving yarn of far away and long ago. The author tells, without the disturbing element of undue embellishment, of an achievement unique in the annals of the sea. Although the privations during the voyage of the cutter from New South Wales to Timor resulted in the death of Mary Broad's husband and two children, her own personal pluck defeated even the sadistic inhumanity of Captain Edwards—sent to find the Bounty mutineers and forced, in his turn, to reach Timor in an open boat—and brought her through the added trials of her forced return to England, to be finally pardoned owing to James Boswell's unselfish interest in her case.

Geoffrey Rawson, then, has caused to live again the journals of plain seamen who did not realize that they were present at the creation of a new commonwealth and continent; he has recorded in a straightforward and restrained way man's—or rather woman's—perseverance in the face of heartbreaking obstacles, an irrational quality which belongs to no particular time or nationality. It is a worthy successor to such books as "The Floating Republic," "Men against the Sea," and Owen Rutter's "Narratives of the Wreck of the Whale-Ship *Essex*."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plays of Protest

THE BEST SHORT PLAYS OF THE SOCIAL THEATRE. Edited by William Kozlenko. New York: Random House. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

THEATRICAL preoccupations change rapidly, if not always very sensibly. Mr. Kozlenko has wasted little time in incorporating recent short, Leftist plays in this volume; the plays themselves were, as such matters go, written only yesterday. The conditions against which they are, in general, pointed remain unmodified; the questions they would answer remain as immediate as they were a season or two ago, when hardly a curtain raised on a drama of importance which did not also rise on a protest against things as they are, under capitalism. Yet already Mr. Odets's "Waiting for Lefty," Mr. Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead," and Mr. Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock" acquire a faintly historical tinge.

Clifford Odets

The observation, while true enough, is obviously a little random. The validity of drama is not affected by fad; if we are now hymning on half our stages the superior virtues of American democracy, the plays which basically contest the sufficiency of that democracy may still be important plays. Several of these, I think, are, although it would be hard to find any of them in which the author's purpose is fully realized. Not even, I think on reading it over again, "Waiting for Lefty," which seems to me by a considerable margin the best of them. The scenes are uneven and, as was several times the case in the first year or two of Mr. Odets's interesting career, the ending comes uncomfortably close to trickery. A properly lighted group of actors chanting "strike! strike! strike!" has theatrical effectiveness, certainly. So does the American flag on a coffin. So does, for that matter, a good deal of the earlier part of Mr. Shaw's "Bury the Dead."

Mr. Odets has, of course, infinitely more than a crafty knowledge of what will rouse 'em. He has, above any of the other playwrights included in this volume, an ability to write dialogue that is pungent and revealing. And, even more important, what he wants to reveal about the people of his plays is true about all people, including those not in his plays; including those whose idiom of thought and speech is superficially quite different. That ability, among other things, makes him the most interesting of the younger American playwrights.

Mr. Shaw's play remains, to my mind, good theater up to a point, and startlingly effective in original idea. And it still seems a pity that his men who would not let themselves be buried had no more to say for themselves than ordinary, living, baffled men. It is probably a personal allergy of some sort which bars me from any appreciation whatever of "The Cradle Will Rock." Paul Green's "Hymn to the Rising Sun" is, on the page as on the stage, a bitter, tonic picture.

Mr. Kozlenko's own "This Earth Is Ours" scatters a bit, but retains a large measure of vitality; "Plant in the Sun," by Ben Bengal, remains in the "promising" class; and the Siftons' "Give All thy Terrors to the Wind" is effective, but minor. Mr. Kozlenko has included "The Dog Beneath the Skin," by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, which is certainly pretty long for a short play. It also seems to me pretty undergraduate; another example of allergy, no doubt.

Richard Lockridge is the dramatic critic of the New York Sun.

Fake Authors

(*Continued from page* 4)

script under *my* name, while he of course got the money that accrued and at the same time saved his family from disgrace.

My indignant classmates (not in collusion, because they'd run into the "real Booth Tarkington" separately) asked immediate authority from me to expose the impostor. (They'd been protesting, but the girls wouldn't listen.) I wired them both, instantly: "Please, please do do not disturb the gentleman if he is signing books and giving them away because he naturally has to buy them and I get twenty-five cents royalty per copy. Let him alone."

In those days I was young and avaricious.

Obviously an author who actually *does* write under a pseudonym offers a shining target for this sort of imposture. Consider the experiences of Ray Stannard Baker. As everybody who is conversant with current literature knows, Mr. Baker not only is the biographer of Woodrow Wilson and a noted writer on public affairs under his own name, but has written many books about the contentment of country life, under the name of David Grayson. For nearly twenty-four years Mr. Baker has been intermittently amused and annoyed by the fact that there have been spurious "David Graysons" at large.

It began back in 1915, when he learned that a certain David R. Grayson was in Denver, claiming to be the author of "Hempfield," a David Grayson serial which was then running in the *American Magazine*. Mr. Baker wired that the man was an impostor; whereupon two Denver newspaper men cross-examined this David R. Grayson. Under pressure, he admitted that he had not actually *written* the David Grayson stories, but argued that he had sent so many letters to the man who was writing them that he felt he "had a share in them." Later he embroidered this theme somewhat: "Baker has been writing the published versions of David Grayson," he said; "I have been living them." He actually wired to Baker: "Folks here insist on confusing me with you. . . . I am neither affirming nor denying. Only for your sake I am preaching the gospel of contentment. . . . I claim nothing, only want to carry your policy." He also identified himself more fully as Selwyn David Grayson-Ramsay, thirty-nine years old, born in Rangoon, educated in the West Indies, in England, and at the University of Chicago; he said he was a former correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* and a nephew of Sir William Ramsay, the great chemist. A month or two later Grayson-Ramsay's bride confessed that she had married him under the impression that he was the David Grayson who was writing for the *American Magazine*.

Years went by and Mr. Baker heard no more. But in 1924 a "David Grayson" showed up in Pugh, Arkansas, visited a family for a week, made himself very agreeable, cashed a bad check on a St. Louis bank, and disappeared. At about the same time there was a "David Grayson" in Portland, Tennessee. And in 1935 one appeared in various Indiana villages, whose ingenuity was exceeded only by his charm.

This man was dark and slender, with iron gray hair, and gave his age as forty-nine. When he became involved in an automobile accident (in a borrowed car), he blithely informed the insurance company's investigator that his home address was Sunset Avenue, Amherst, Massachusetts (Mr. Baker's own address), and that his Massachusetts driving license—which he had mislaid—was in the name of Ray S. Baker. He also claimed to be related to Admiral Cary Grayson and loved to tell, with an air of proprietorship, all about My Own, Admiral Grayson's famous race-horse. And once, when he was visiting the postmaster in a small Indiana town, and heard that the postmaster was afraid of losing his job, "Mr. Grayson" magnanimously declared that although he had never in his life asked a political favor, he must do what he could for a friend: he would wire the Admiral and ask him to use his great in-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fluence in Washington. That evening he reported happily that the answer had come. It was brief: "O. K.—Cary."

For some time thereafter Mr. Baker's correspondence contained echoes of this gentleman's Indiana sojournings. "It seems like a dream now that you spent August, 1933, here in our village, and actually gave the impression that you were thoroughly enjoying yourself," said one letter. "My husband loves to tell the story about the old Indian that you told while making a brief address at the Old Settlers' celebration. . . . We were not aware when you were here that David Grayson was only your pen-name and that we were entertaining no less a person than the celebrated Ray Stannard Baker." And only last summer an Indiana family arrived by automobile at Amherst, drew up at Mr. Baker's house, and were somewhat dismayed at not meeting their dear old friend.

Is there, perhaps, something reminiscent of the Denver impostor in the fact that to some questioners this Indiana wanderer of 1933 claimed only that "he did the traveling and tramping around" while Baker "did the writing up"?

In 1936 a "David Grayson" arrived hatless and without funds at an inn in southern Tennessee, stayed for a time, charmed everybody at the inn, and left, with a hat and with funds, for Nashville—where, he said, he had left his car and chauffeur, and was scheduled to speak before a literary club. Early in May, 1938, Mr. Baker, in Amherst, received a board-bill from Tazewell, Tennessee. A little later there came a letter from another Tennessee town beginning, "We are enjoying a thoroughly wet day, which reminds us of the exceedingly wet Easter Sabbath when you worshipped with us." And a Tennessee lady forwarded to Amherst a handwritten manuscript which "David Grayson" had left behind in his ramblings. This manuscript Mr. Baker immediately recognized as a verbatim copy of something he had written himself, long before: it was Chapter IV of "The Friendly Road," by David Grayson, published in 1913.

More charming than ever, "Grayson" arrived last summer at Blowing Rock, North Carolina. Though he appeared without money or toothbrush, or more than one shirt—explaining, this time, that he had left his car and chauffeur at Asheville, in order to ramble unimpeded in search of material—so persuasive was he that he was soon established in one of the finest guest bedrooms in the local summer colony. He was much lionized, and impressed the elect of Blowing Rock as a "brilliant gentleman."

Distinguished in public address as in private conversation, he was prevailed upon to say a few helpful words to the Sunday school at a neighboring village, and wrote in a girl's autograph album:

> We all lead double lives;
> One life is ours alone;
> The other all can see.

In Blowing Rock he let it be known that his real name was Ray Stannard Baker; and once he called for a Grayson book and read a chapter with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

A man of parts, it would seem. If you should meet him, from all accounts you will like him. But be assured that the Grayson books were written with no help from him whatsoever.

Few impostors thus make a career of it; most of them seem to operate more briefly. There was, for instance, the "Thornton Wilder" who was the life of the ship's company on a trans-Pacific voyage and particularly generous in the bar. There was the "Sinclair Lewis" who appeared in a Pennsylvania town—when the real Mr. Lewis was in Europe—and scolded the local reporters for not knowing his books better. There was the "Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*" who cashed checks in the South—until the *Atlantic* printed an item to the effect that anybody south of Mason and Dixon's line who contemplated lending money to the Editor might well communicate with Boston first. There was the "Gertrude Atherton" who not only gave interviews but had the brilliant notion of sending photographs of herself to the newspapers—as the real Mrs. Atherton discovered when she began to receive clippings in which a face quite strange to her appeared over her name. And there was the "Rockwell Kent" who traveled across the country on the bounty of a series of groups of art-lovers—and who turned out to be none other than Mike Romanoff, that impostor-in-chief who usually passed himself off as a prince of the former ruling house of Russia. Mike had been befriended by the real Kent, and had been able, while visiting him, to equip himself handily with Kent family photographs. On the journey west, Mike would arrive in a town, proceed to the local bookstore, browse a bit, casually make himself known as Rockwell Kent, permit himself to be fêted by the resident connoisseurs of art and letters, cash a check or two (never on Kent's bank), and depart.

Hervey Allen has never, so far as he knows, been impersonated on the lecture platform, but since the success of "Anthony Adverse" he has been so troubled by people charging goods to his account that he has been forced to install a careful accounting system, to use a special order-blank when ordering goods, and to instruct all the firms with which his family deals to fill orders only when this blank is used and signed. Incidentally, his mail—including many crank effusions and an occasional threat, along with more agreeable letters—runs to some three hundred to five hundred pieces a week. And as for Margaret Mitchell, not only is she beset by cranks but she has been so often impersonated that a number of Southern newspapers have standing instructions to telephone her house and reverse the charges whenever a claimant to the authorship of "Gone with the Wind" appears in their vicinity. Thus does the public—or at least the irresponsible or crooked or psychopathic fringe of the public—reward its favorites.

These are only a few of the reported cases of literary impersonation. How many undetected and therefore unreported cases there may have been is anybody's guess. Often a writer suspects that he may have been impersonated but cannot be sure. Louis Bromfield, for example, frequently meets some one who says to him, "Of course I feel that I almost know you, you're such a good friend of Mr. Blank's and he's such a good friend of mine," or who refers to the time when he was in Erie or Cedar Rapids. Although Mr. Bromfield has never, so far as he is aware, laid eyes upon Mr. Blank, nor set foot in Erie or Cedar Rapids, it seems easier to him, and certainly is more gracious, to behave as if Mr. Blank were indeed an old friend and Erie an old stamping-ground of his; and thus he cannot be sure whether or not a pseudo-Bromfield has been at large. Even when a woman once said to him, "You aren't at all like the picture that a friend of mine has of you; it was taken with him and a girl friend and you had black hair and a mustache," how could Mr. Bromfield be positive that there was anything more here than somebody's pathetic attempt to gain prestige by pretending to an intimate acquaintance with prominent people?

To those readers who live in towns remote from the literary centers, and to lecture-organizers generally (except those who deal with recognized lecture-bureaus), I suggest, as the best protection against having their legs pulled, a reasonable skepticism. It may be well to remind them that most writers' photographs —usually libelous, to be sure, but helpful for purposes of identification—appear in the advertisements of their books. (Here at last is a real justification for a publishing practice which has always seemed to me curious—as if the entertainment value or instructiveness of a book could be gauged by a glance at the features of the author.) I suggest that they be particularly leery of anybody who claims to be writing popular books under a pseudonym. I suggest, in short, a constant awareness that there are fake authors abroad.

If, as a comparatively humble member of the writing craft, I shortly find myself in, let us say, a Pullman smoking car, and hear, by chance, some mention of this article, and admit to having written it, and if I thereupon see glassy eyes of suspicion turned upon me, then—and only then—will I be content, knowing that my warning has taken effect.

Frederick Lewis Allen, an editor of Harper's Magazine, *is the author of "Only Yesterday." Reprint rights in the foregoing article are reserved.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover for yourself . . .

MARY RENAULT'S *sensitive, romantic and engulfing chronicle of the great adventure of love . . .*

Promise Of Love

Of Jan Lingard, whom the ancients would have called Fortunatus. He had everything, seemed to lack nothing—how many people must have wished they loved him less!

Of Jan's sister, Vivian, who in her clean hammered way had the raw materials of her brother's dazzling charm;

Of Mic Freeborn, a shy, introspective young man, much too good at seeing through himself;

Of Colonna Kimball, like a steel plate of Lord Byron gone blond, who took disappointment in emotional adventures stoically, like the fortunes of war;

Of a handful of men and women living in and around a great hospital who might have grown callous to life but who, possessing it in so light and loose a hold, seemed to find it that much dearer.

Discover for yourself this candid, beautiful novel of the purposes of love! It is for "first-nighters" of novels that hundreds read later . . . for readers whose imaginations put them in the advance guard of good taste. Here you find the unforgettable story of two fine people who had the courage to send up a trial balloon on love—a book that has something important to give you, that is refreshing and clear and honest, and that will reward you for its discovery by lifting you far beyond the frontiers of your concerns. [$2.50]

Write NOW to William Morrow & Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York

"Sample" PROMISE OF LOVE before you buy the copy that you will want to own always . . . *discover it for yourself.* This unique proposition will obligate you in no way whatever. Write the publishers TODAY for your *Free* copy of "Prelude to PROMISE OF LOVE," a sampler of the drama, excitement, romance, humor, perception that this unusual story has to offer.

and published by Morrow

Fill in here!

Gentlemen: Please send me that FREE sampler of "Promise of Love."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Character in the Florentine Drama

ALESSO BALDOVINETTI. By Ruth Wedgwood Kennedy. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $15.

Reviewed by G. HAYDN HUNTLEY

THIS book is probably the most beautiful of the year; certainly it sets a new standard for American publications on art. The splendid make-up of the volume introduces some novelties, such as the use of large numbers for notes, and running titles at the head of each page. A happy combination of superb photographs, excellent engravings, and perfect paper seems to have solved the difficult question of illustrating this kind of book. The number of illustrations is prodigal.

Mrs. Kennedy follows the historical, biographical method of reconstructing the personality of Alesso Baldovinetti, a minor Florentine painter of the *quattrocento*, who was much cited but little known. For the first time he appears as a complete and fairly important character in the exciting drama that Florence was producing in the fifteenth century under the guidance of great artists and great patrons. It was a century of innovations, and Baldovinetti made some contributions in landscape, composition, and technique, although the author puts little emphasis on the last, which she regards as the "mere cookery" of painting—perhaps because Alesso's experiments, like Leonardo's, were most unfortunate. His designs for tarsia and terra-cotta decorations (a new attribution) as well as his work in mosaic and painted glass are illustrated and analyzed with as much care and insight as his paintings.

The book is far more than a recapitulation of known facts; it is, in truth, a fresh presentation of Florentine painting during one of its most inspired periods. Gentile de Fabriano, Masolino, Fra Angelico, Castagno, Pollaiuolo, and the Ghirlandaios are seen in a new light through their relationship to Baldovinetti. Despite the author's reliance on documents, chronicles, and all possible source material, the book is by no means dry. The writing is lucid and filled with apt phrases and illuminating comparisons with modern painters. While the book is scholarly in every sense of the word, it might well interest the layman in its exposition of the art historian's methods, which are more than a little akin to those of the writer of scientific detective stories. It would be well if the American public had more books of this quality.

G. Haydn Huntley is assistant professor of art at the University of Chicago.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MASKS MIAMI *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Aconite and strangling does for two women in Miami. Lt. Valcour, vacationing, picks up thread, and lures killer to trap.	Told in machine-gun dialogue; filled with garish characters—wealthy wasters, usually boiled, moving at top speed to fiery finish.	Beaut
CRIME TO MUSIC *Peter Drax* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Wastrel English officer steals pearls, pawns 'em, murders pawnbroker. Insp. Thompson takes up case from scratch.	London underworld life described with color and realism. Steps in weakling killer's descent to Avernus thrillingly traced.	Engrossing
SECRET SCEPTRE *Francis Gerard* (Dutton: $2.)	London jewel robbery starts sleuth Meredith on sanguinary trail of armored killers, leading to secret castle in wild Wales.	The Holy Grail, a wild Irishman, an American villain who talks cockney, medieval mumbo-jumbo, and plentiful excitement.	Thriller
THE EMERALD MURDER CASE *Dennis Dean* (Phœnix: $2.)	Aged N. Y. spinster sniffs poison, perishes, and her jewels vanish. Detective Wycherly investigates and comes to odd conclusion.	Cleverly worked out affair, despite some all-fired long narrating and surprise ending that cracks mystery code of ethics.	Good
THE NIGHT BEFORE MURDER *Steve Fisher* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Chromium - fluoride kills aging actress in Mamaroneck mansion. Two other unfortunates die before "hick cop" West cracks case.	Extremely wacky lot of theatrical folk rant, rave, and emote through yarn with clever murder-device — and not much else.	Fustian
MURDER IN A SHELL *Maurice Beam and Sumner Britton* (Messner: $2.)	Coxswain of Gotham Univ. crew slain by cyanide as race ends. Poisoned gin kills another. Lieut. Whitehall unriddles it.	Descriptions of "great big lovable animals" in action, love, and fisticuffs hold interest. Sleuthing is adequate.	*Pour le sport*

Cyril Clemens on Samuel L. Clemens

MY COUSIN MARK TWAIN. By Cyril Clemens. With an Introduction by Booth Tarkington. Emmaus, Pennsylvania: The Rodale Press. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

THE fact that he was writing about a humorist seems to have laid on Mr. Clemens an obligation to be funny, and he begins fulfilling it with his title-page. Unhappily, he doesn't let the reader in on all his jokes. Thus you will miss the whimsy of his title unless you understand the degree of cousinship involved: Mr. Clemens's great-grandfather was, I believe, a cousin of Mark Twain's father. Again, the dedication is one of the most amusing ever written, but Mr. Clemens is unfair to his own humor for he neglects to inform the reader that he didn't write it, that in fact his second cousin twice removed wrote it for the 1867 edition of "The Jumping Frog." The insertion of an Introduction by Booth Tarkington is even subtler stuff. It is dated November 10, 1938 and it is presented as an Introduction to this book. But it is an exact transcription of the last three-quarters of the Introduction which Mr. Tarkington wrote for the Limited Editions Club 1933 edition of "Huckleberry Finn." Mr. Clemens takes his fun where he finds it.

"The Jumping Frog" is no longer protected by copyright, of course, but Albert Bigelow Paine's "Biography" is. Nevertheless, Mr. Clemens appears to feel an honest admiration for it: in fact, Part I of his book, the first 161 pages, rests on it almost exclusively. He repudiates Mr. Paine's arrangement and frequently garbles his information, but likes his style. I counted up to two hundred passages (and then stopped counting) whose phraseology is so closely modeled on Mr. Paine's that tact would have suggested putting them in quotation marks. Mr. Clemens does not improve on his source; his method, an injudicious one in my opinion, is to omit the biography while retaining the anecdotes. Sometimes he tries to improve on the ancedotes but seldom, I think, succeeds. The passages of Part I that do not rest on Mr. Paine are usually irrelevant.

Part II of the book has no clear relationship to Part I but harmonizes with it in being dull. It consists of anecdotes told to Mr. Clemens by various people who either did or did not know Mark Twain and complimentary remarks about Mark and his books which Mr. Clemens has obtained from various celebrities who either did or did not know what they were talking about. None of the anecdotes are very good and most of the compliments are vapid.

The book is disorderly; it has no arrangement, sequence, discrimination, or documentary support; it is not a biography and is devoid of criticism; practically all of its material is familiar and what isn't familiar is unimportant. I could learn to live without it but I suppose collectors will have to have it. It is a Mark Twain item and, at a guess, it is going to be a rare one.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the most important

T. E. LAWRENCE

book ever published . .

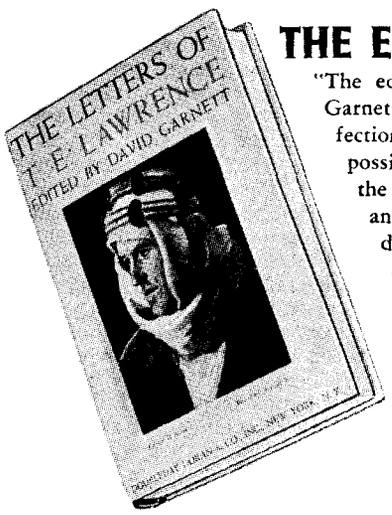
"THERE is more vivid writing in it than even in the *Seven Pillars,*" writes the *London Herald* of this remarkable collection of Lawrence letters, taken from the whole range of his correspondence and forming the intimate personal record of the life of the most discussed, most puzzling and least understood figure of the post-war era.

THE BOOK:

"Everyone who read the *Seven Pillars* will turn eagerly to this collection of Lawrence's letters and find it equally revealing of one of the strangest and most fascinating spirits of our time."—*London News Chronicle.*

"No man's words could throw clearer light on the workings of an original mind than these letters."—*London Times Literary Supplement.*

"The general reader, no fool in the long run, will add this volume in pious reverence to *Seven Pillars* and to the greater collections of English letters."—*London Times.*



THE EDITOR:

"The editing of Mr. David Garnett comes as near perfection as I should imagine possible. He has stamped the book with a sincerity and a genius . . . It is done with a quiet inevitability and understanding which compels a deep admiration and (as I am sure that all who knew Lawrence will agree) deserves a deep gratitude." —*London Observer.*

THE MAN:

"This is Lawrence himself—I think as he would have wished to be known . . . It shows all the faces he turned to the world and all that he was himself."—*London Observer.*

"What the real character and life of T. E. Lawrence were we can now know from his own variable tongue. . . . This is Lawrence self-revealed, as only the sudden word to friends can reveal a man." —*The Bystander.*

"He had an interesting and original mind; he achieved a dazzling success on the field of action; he was a delightful writer. Only a glutton could ask for more."— —*London Times*

"He emerges from these letters a bigger man than one had thought."—*Birmingham Post.*

THE MYSTERY:

"He was both artist and man of action. . . . It was a Hamlet-like and tragic dualism"—*Glasgow Herald.*

"There was in fact no mystery about Lawrence, except the simple and sufficient one that he was a mystery to himself." —*The Spectator.*

THE LETTERS of T.E. LAWRENCE

Edited by DAVID GARNETT

896 pages, 16 halftone illustrations, 7 linecuts and 4 color maps. $5.00 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spending Program

AN ECONOMIC PROGRAM FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By Seven Harvard and Tufts Economists. New York: Vanguard Press. 1938. $1.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

DURING the early days of the New Deal, the senior economists of Harvard University published a book which severely criticized Washington for ignoring the revealed truths of economics. Recently, seven Harvard and Tufts economists, younger in years and less advanced in rank, have sought to prove by didactic analysis enveloped in lucid prose that President Roosevelt and his disciples belong to the true church—all others heretic!

The juniors attack on two fronts. They adduce ample evidence that governmental spending rescued us in 1933 and they adduce adequate evidence that the severe decline of 1937 was precipitated by marked reductions in the rate of governmental spending. Here is strong presumption that large-scale public investment should be viewed not only as a "temporary, emergency device" but as a permanent policy, a presumption that becomes overwhelming when one realizes that striking declines in the rate of growth of population, urban centers, new industries, and foreign lending presage the continued stagnation of private investment.

To challenge the dogma of the balanced budget and ably to defend deficit financing are contributions of no small moment. But to insist that by continued spending the government "can, if it will, expand employment and restore the Nation's real income and services to prosperity levels" reflects enthusiasm rather than wisdom.

History suggests that governmental spending has antidotal rather than curative powers, and theory suggests that its limitations must be sought in raising wage rates and lowering business expectations. After six years of substantial deficits, production and employment are still at unsatisfactory levels.

Although private investment has been disappointingly small these last ten years, technological progress has not ceased, foreign lending may shortly be resumed, internal migrations are constantly under way. The authors' pessimism may reflect unconscious aspirations rather than conscious analysis, a suspicion that gains strength by their failure to emphasize that railroad reorganization, peace with the utilities, revision of the tax structure (capital gains and losses provisions), and minimizing labor discontent would go far to stimulate private investment.

Not that the authors fail to deal with public utilities, taxation, and labor, but their recommendations, though conceived as aids to recovery, can more reasonably be defended as contributions to reform. Nor are the authors disturbed by the prospect that in the absence of recovery, reform will prove increasingly difficult. They have faith in their fiscal policy but, if this faith is misplaced and recovery fails to mature, then indeed will their program of public investment be in order.

Unfortunately, in attacking the Mumbo Jumbo of the budget balancers, the authors establish the fetish of governmental spending which, like all fetishes, can only charge the emotions and dull the intellect. For disdaining the sterile preoccupations of the majority of their colleagues, and for challenging the pretentiuosness of traditional theory, we are all indebted to these venturesome analysts. They have done a job and done it well, perhaps too well.

With fundamental institutions in flux, right and left, in avid search for converts, engage in competitive overstatement. Aware that those who do not lead may shortly be led, the authors insist upon propagandizing. But propaganda is an art in which reason plays a minor role. Hence, students turned statesmen must beware that in the search for salvation they avoid strangling themselves.

Portrait of a Queen

ENGLAND'S ELIZA. By Elkin Calhoun Wilson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THIS is a comprehensive and systematic study of the public character of Queen Elizabeth, of the picture of the queen as it was offered to her subjects in the printed literature of her reign, from the humble broadside ballads to the stately eulogies of Spenser and his imitators. Each aspect of the virgin Queen (and she had more aspects than Grecian Artemis) is treated in a separate chapter amply documented from the kind of writing in which it is most apparent, and the whole is bound together by judicial summaries. Many of the sources quoted at length will be unfamiliar even to specialists in Elizabethan literature. Fifteen unusual illustrations suggest the visual image of the queen with which her subjects supplemented that which they drew from print. There is a useful index and a scholarly short title list of some two hundred and fifty books and manuscripts dedicated, inscribed, or presented to Queen Elizabeth.

This study has a dual interest. More, perhaps, than any sovereign who ever lived, Elizabeth ruled—she did not merely reign—because of her hold on the affections of the people. Many forces helped to strengthen that hold, but not least among them was the constant literary propaganda which raised formal Renaissance panegyric to the intensity of an art and to the importance of a major device of government. Elizabeth could not have initiated such a movement, it sprang from the temper of the times and the hearts of her subjects, but she did her best to sustain the illusion her poets were creating, to play out to the end the role which she had only partly chosen. Anyone interested in the history of the period must try to understand that role. In Mr. Wilson's hands its examination leads to an understanding of more than statecraft. He is able to use the ideal vision of the queen, as it molded the minds of her people and was in turn molded by them, as a clue leading straight to the heart of the Elizabethan character, of the national temperament which produced the greatest English poetry. His bold attack should prove at least as fruitful for literary criticism as for history.

The Dionnes' Doctor

THE LITTLE DOC, The Story of Allan Roy Dafoe, Physician to the Quintuplets. By Frazier Hunt. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by MERRILL DENISON

NO matter by whom it may be written or from what angle it may be told, the story of the little country doctor and the five Dionne girls will always remain fantastic and improbable: more a sister piece to "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," than the factual stuff of which biographies are made. The first full-size portrait of Dr. Dafoe does nothing to dispel the aura of the miraculous which clings to him, but rather strengthens it by revealing in detail his background before the night when destiny in the guise of Oliva Dionne came knocking at his door. As his radio-collaborator and journalistic adviser, Frazier Hunt knows the medical sage of Callander better than any of the hundreds of newspaper men who have visited the small backwoods village in the last five years and has succeeded in conveying a far truer picture of both the characters and setting of the amazing drama of the Quintuplets than anything yet published. He tells the story in a simple, straightforward style, and makes it entirely fascinating.

The principal fascination lies in the Little Doc himself and in the complete contrast between the two segments of his life. Before the birth of the five babies he was a backwoods country doctor but, as Mr. Hunt clearly shows, neither the "simple" nor "typical" country doctor that journalist mythology has made of him. As a matter of fact, he was a very complex character: a shy, timid man who had taken to a remote country practice because he was afraid to attempt any other. Small in stature, with an unusually large head, self-conscious over a slight stammer, he had been the victim most of his life of a profound inferiority complex. The Quintuplets were born on the eve of his fifty-first birthday. Had he stopped to examine himself that night he would have said that his life had been a failure. Within three days he was a world figure, the central character in the most extraordinary drama in medical history. Since then, of course, he has become an astonishingly adroit politician, an administrator of no mean ability, and better-than-average business man. The change, or growth, in the Little Doc after the arrival of the Quints is almost as great a cause for wonderment as their survival.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 258)

HENRY DAVID THOREAU—JOURNALS

Associate reverently and as much as you can with your loftiest thoughts. . . . Perhaps this is the main value of keeping a journal—that so we remember our best hours and stimulate ourselves. . . . Drain the cup of inspiration to its last dregs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

EDGAR WALLACE: The Biography of a Phenomenon. By Margaret Lane. Doubleday, Doran. 1939. $3.

Edgar Wallace's career turns out to have been more interesting than any of his books. Illegitimate son of an itinerant English actress, he grew up in the streets, joined the army, went to South Africa as a correspondent in the Boer War, got a scoop on the peace treaty, attracted Kipling's attention with some imitative verses. His career in England as a newspaperman went through various ups and downs; he started a prize contest which he had great difficulty in finishing, and he involved his paper in a couple of libel suits. Not until he was about fifty did he strike real pay dirt, and even so, when he died in 1932 he left his affairs in chaos. Miss Lane tells a good story well, expresses no opinion of her subject, draws a picture of a man whose only interest in any situation seems to have been in what was in it for him. But if the portrait is not so attractive as admirers of Wallace's mysteries might have expected, his career is doubly interesting: in details unique, in general typical of many success stories.

G. S.

I MARRIED A GERMAN. By Madeleine Kent. Harpers. 1939. $3.

Madeleine Kent, who in 1931 married a German, is at great pains to explain to her readers that she has always remained British. That the language of most of her German characters has a striking resemblance to the language of the Katzenjammer Kids is only a minor feature of this book, which its publishers call a "revealing" document. We, too, find it revealing, though in a slightly different sense. For rather than being a description of modern Germany, "I Married a German" contains the self-reflections of a Britisher who is convinced that the Germans are far behind that lofty humanitarianism which is uniquely English.

Here are a few quotations taken at random from the book: "The stiff and cold interiors of nearly all German churches show that for Germans all the magic has long gone out of Christianity." In 1932 the author finds a zigzag path in a German forest "symbolic of the Teutonic instinct for dark, winding intrigues, the Teutonic inability to go straight to a goal." On the other hand "In Germany Wagner's Fire Music produces an ecstasy similar to that which the tom-tom evokes in Africans."

When Hitler came to power, Miss Kent lived through an unpleasant time in the atmosphere of general distrust, treachery, brutality, and espionage. However, one cannot escape the feeling that she would have been rather disappointed had the horrors of Hitlerism not come to "confirm" what she thought all the time about a country in which she had never considered herself a citizen, but always an "exile." It seems scarcely to have occurred to her that in spite of the World War and in spite of Versailles, Germany ranked highest in social legislation, science, art, and the progressiveness of her educational system; nor does it ever occur to her that a certain Western attitude of mind might have been instrumental in the downfall of German democracy.

"The story told in this book," said the (London) *Times Literary Supplement*, "must be symbolic of what hundreds of Englishmen felt about Germany." We are afraid it is. Lord Northcliffe would have been happy to boost it to prominence.

H. zu L.

Drama

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. An English Version by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. $1.50.

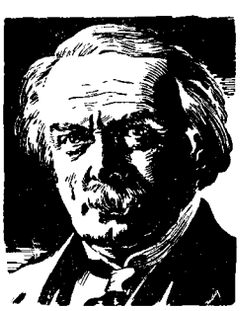
In this "Antigone," as in their former English version of Euripides's "Alcestis," Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald have set as their object: "to make it clear and credible in English . . . clear as a poem . . . credible as a play." And again, as in that previous work, we believe their accomplishment is extraordinary poetically, but only half successful dramatically. The statement, itself, of such a double aim indicates the fundamental trouble. For the "Antigone," like any great piece of theater art (and it is among the most perfect of these), has one main unifying drive: the *action* that Sophocles found in the common myth of Oedipus's children. This was antecedent to and shaped both the poetry and the drama. And any equivalent of the "Antigone" in another language must move also from this single source if it is to live wholly again.

Though no play can be judged surely except in production, several readings of this translation leave us with an impression of jerkiness and uncertainty of aim. For one thing, the sharp division into scene and choric ode emphasizes the isolation of the choruses as set-pieces of poetry between snatches of dialogue, rather than as parts of a single flow of action. The characters live only spasmodically. The language, too, fluctuates

The most important inside story of the Peace of Versailles that can ever be written

Memoirs of the Peace Conference

BY DAVID LLOYD GEORGE



The last of the great Triumvirate—Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George—reveals with the voice of history itself what happened at the Peace Conference. David Lloyd George knows more about the historic events recorded in this book than any living person. "Here is a guide to the chronic crises of Europe—what they are, how Europe handles them, and why they are so apt to recur."

—*N. Y. Times*

2 volumes boxed. *Illustrated.* $10.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven, Connecticut

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from "the boy has sold out to a woman" to "Oh pity! All true, all true."

Fitts and Fitzgerald, it is apparent from the Greek and Latin quotations and textual criticism contained in their Commentary, are too careful scholars to produce the slashed but vivid translations of a Jean Cocteau. Nor are they yet dramatists enough to recreate the savage catharsis of Francis Fergusson's "Electra." Their work compares better with Yeats's "Oedipus" cycle: Greek friezes that occasionally move (notably in the last scenes of this "Antigone"), interspersed with superb lyrics. For their distinction has been so far, and it is here again confirmed, as poets. The "Ode III" and "Paean" would justify the whole work. For any experiment with theater poetry is of value now in working out the innumerable problems of the rejuvenated poetic theater.

S. C.

Fiction

FIESTA IN MANHATTAN. By Charles Kaufman. Morrow. 1939. $2.50.

This is a nice, warm, colorful story of two little Mexicans in Manhattan, a modern fable of innocence abroad with New York, this time, as the seat of corruption. There is a Miss Crane who turns out a whole series of enthusiastic travelogues—"You'll Love France," "You'll Love Spain," and so forth; this acidulous portrait may draw howls from more than one quarter. And there is her latest love, "You'll Love Mexico," which results in her spiriting away two of the native musicians to New York, Juan and Elena, simply a couple of babes in the wood. Their adventures in New York, specifically in that lively Latin belt on the East Side between 110th and 125th Streets, provide a welter of mishaps and emotions and strange characters that make the story. These last need not be taken too seriously. Mr. Kaufman has not attempted to get at the bottom of his Spaniards, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, that whole anomalous population crowded into a few streets along the Harlem River. They are a series of flat, highly tinted sketches, romantic in style and as amusing as they were meant to be. The book's strongest quality is perhaps its capture of the fresh, alien slant; New York does have a strange tint here, filtered through the perceptions of the amazed and critical Mexicans.

N. L. R.

Warning!
CLOSING MAY 1, 1939
$5000.00 Atlantic Non-Fiction Contest
The prize will be awarded for the most interesting unpublished non-fiction work — $3,000 outright, $2,000 as an advance on account of royalties.
The manuscript, preferably 75,000 to 150,000 words, may deal with any subject provided it is founded on fact. Manuscript accepted to be published by Little, Brown & Company.
For descriptive circular write
THE FIFTH NON-FICTION CONTEST
The Atlantic Monthly Press
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

THREAD OF SCARLET. By Ben Ames Williams. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. $2.50.

The War of 1812, seen from an island (Nantucket) afloat in the ocean from which its people draw their livelihood. The British blockade deprives them of food and firewood and forces them into a separate peace or declaration of neutrality. The background of the story decorously traces the political maneuvers on the island leading up to this remarkable declaration, the island's whaling trade, the curious customs of the islanders (largely Quakers), and their miseries under war. In the foreground is the usual love-and-war story of popular fiction, with the brave, misunderstood hero, the girl who loves him but does not say so, and the girl who does not love him but pretends she does. The climax, accompanied by a splendid roll of drums, centers in the desperate and victorious battle of the famous *Prince de Neufchâtel,* privateer, against H.M.S. *Endymion.*

Mr. Williams's seafaring, fights, and local color are as perfect as can be (though it is rather surprising to find him leaving Captain Ordronaux, one of the most remarkable characters of history, only a name), but he remains essentially a Darryl Zanuck of literature. The book is really a costume piece in technicolor, with the physical, geographical, linguistic, historical, etiological, and ethnological details as perfect as an elaborate research department can make them. The action is continuous, the elements of plot dovetail as neatly as a piece of Japanese joinery. But when the exciting show is over, one realizes that the colors have been seven times as bright as life, all the men gallant, or villainous, all the women young and beautiful or old and wise, and the intrigue as elaborately mechanical as that of a Sardou play.

F. P.

SUCH WAYS ARE DANGEROUS. By Constance Wilcox Pignatelli. McBride. 1939. $2.

Fancy waking up some morning and finding yourself in full and honest possession of a house on Sutton Place and sharing the garden with two strange and brightly-garmented interior decorators. That is what happened to Caroline Pringle after twenty-five years of sedate life in Hamscott, Vermont. And from the very hour she took possession of the house things began to happen with amazing speed and eccentricity. For ending, this 1939 Cinderella improves upon the classic finis of the story—but the "lived happily ever after" apparently still holds.

G. G.

A RUMELHEART MUST ROAM. By Maude Smith Delavan. Stokes. 1939. $2.

The Rumelhearts seemed to spend most of their time keeping Papa Rumelheart home. He had an insatiable wanderlust. It was nothing for him to leave the house one morning and return five years later. Naturally this made it extremely difficult for everyone, especially Lulubelle, his wife, who was a buxom, affectionate, and basically stationary creature.

Those who know Miss Delavan's work are familiar with the sentimental comedy of the Rumelheart way of life. The Rumelhearts are a happy, affectionate family, typical of a large portion of the Middle West. In her present narrative, Miss Delavan plays upon the sentimental heartstrings of her admirers in a spirit calculated to make their tribe increase. This is a pleasant, friendly story.

R. S.

THREE OVER THE FRONTIER. By Hans Habe. Dodd, Mead. 1939. $2.50.

The uncomfortable feeling that develops as we read Hans Habe's tale of danger and intrigue, may be traced to the strange mismating of background and plot. It is one more case of a mountain being employed to crack a nut. On the fateful night of March 31, 1933, when the Nazi anti-Jewish decrees are to be put into effect, three different cars are racing for the Czech border, holding a beauteous adventuress, a dispossessed banker, a communist worker. Their fates are intermingled as we follow them on to Paris and London, in a romantic, amorous gambit centered in the burning problem: whom does the glamorous Nora love? It is too much like the screen's treatment of history, even more embarrassing upon a contemporary background. The agony and despair of today's European populations make a queer sub-structure for the posturing of so dubious a character as Nora Geldern. Only an Anna Karenina could carry it off.

N. L. R.

History

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By S. E. Morison. Oxford University Press. 1939. $2.50.

What the history of the Spanish voyages of discovery needs is more seagoing historians. Or so Professor Morison convinces us as soon as he sets out to verify the landfalls and anchorages of Columbus's fleet, not just from books and charts in libraries, but by observations from the deck of a yawl. Actually sailing among the islands Columbus saw or touched from Dominica to Hispaniola, not only clears up the problems of their names and identities, it gives a freshness and salt-water tang to the narrative of the voyage quite missing from most of the dusty pages which record it. This is a little book, trim and jaunty as a pleasure yacht, but everything needful is aboard, references, charts, and time tables, all shipshape and Bristol fashion. One would gladly sign on with the same skipper for another such voyage over a longer course.

G. M.

Miscellaneous

CREED OF A SCHOOLMASTER. By Claude M. Fuess. Little, Brown. 1939. $2.

Dr. Fuess's greatest contribution to this subject is his daily life as a schoolmaster. This book of nine pleasant essays, roughly tied together by their educational content, will add but little of importance, beyond gathering together and enunciating, in the title essay, some of the attributes

(*Continued on page* 22)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

SPRING is actually here: last Sunday night we heard the frogs out at The Fantods, L. I., and Hoboken has held its annual Bock Fest. ☞Stanley Morison, the eminent English typographer, technical adviser to the Cambridge University Press and the London *Times*, and once ditto to Doubleday, Doran & Co., is visiting in this country. Mr. Morison's interests range from calligraphy to locomotives. ☞Speaking of England, the always irreverent Beach Cooke of William Morrow & Co. suggests as a book title: *Anthony Eden, the Sweetest Tory Ever Sold.* ☞Harcourt, Brace & Co. will publish on March 30 T. S. Eliot's new play in verse *The Family Reunion.* ☞Westermann's famous bookstore, specializing in the importation of German and French literature, is celebrating its 90th birthday. The firm began in February 1849 in a second-story room on Broadway near City Hall; three years ago it came to its present quarters on West 48 Street, facing Rockefeller Center, one of the world's most beautiful bookstores. ☞The galleries of the Lakeside Press in Chicago are showing (until April 28) an exhibition of drawings and paintings by John Steuart Curry. The catalogue of the exhibition includes an essay by Thomas Craven, who thinks Curry's murals in the Department of Justice building in Washington "one of the few federal jobs that may properly be termed an original and distinguished work of art and not a dismal travesty." ☞One of the pleasantest of this spring's books, to the student of publishing, is *Edward Moxon, Publisher of Poets*, by Harold G. Merriam (Columbia Univ. Press). In his brief 28 years' publishing Moxon put his imprint on most of the famous poetry of the early Victorian era, and became notable for distinguished taste and judgment. It is delightful to find this sympathetic study of a great publishing episode coming from so far away as the University of Montana.

☞Spirited old Peter Greig, one of our favorite gourmets, always tickles us with his monthly *Wine and Food Newsletter* (347 Madison Avenue). In his latest issue he rebukes Mrs. Roosevelt for not knowing how to scramble eggs properly; appetizingly describes the breakfast egg of the Greig household (demi-poached in a shallow puddle of milk); praises the French shad of the river Loire; does a small pibroch in honor of the Anchor Line haggis; and offers the Glesga formula for CALEDONIAN CREAM:—

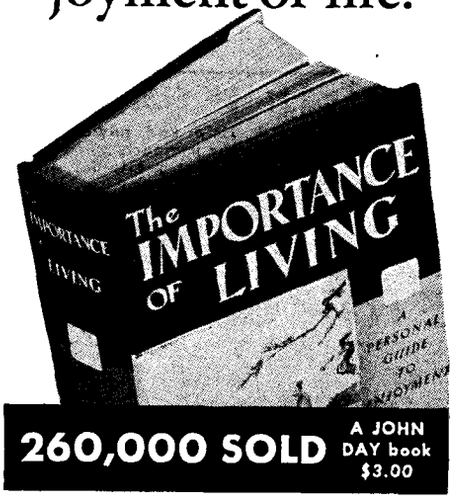
> ☞*Mash up a tablespoonful of orange marmalade; add a glass of brandy, some powdered sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Mix in a quart of cream, whip, put into a shape and serve very cold.*

☞Some day, we hope, Peter Greig will put his gastronomic lore into a book, for which we suggest the title *Pot Luck.* ☞While loitering in the pantry, we are pleased to see C., R., and B. Brown, in their new *Soups, Sauces and Gravies* (Lippincott) saying a good word for Soy Sauce as "the great-grandmother of all sauces, the basis of bottled meat sauces on the order of Worcestershire which are standard today." ☞We remember Felix Riesenberg amorously reading aloud the label on a bottle of Lea & Perrins or Worcestershire and proclaiming it the finest short prose in literature. ☞Few writers, incidentally, have ever surpassed Captain Riesenberg in the gusto of his writings on belly-cheer. There was his description of *Chicken Stew Coronel* as concocted by Felix in the Arctic (after a 30-mile go on skis). ☞His meditation on his bottle of 1812 port-wine which has been handed down by generations of seamen and never yet decanted. And we remember vaguely an astonishing memoir he wrote of a dinner tendered to a group of old shipmates by a wealthy and great-hearted patron. ☞For men of feeling, who take seriously such devotions as ships and cooking and literature that is strong without being backhouse, there has been in our time no finer writer than Felix Riesenberg. He is not likely to be taken up by the fashionable.

☞In the catalogue of Norman A. Hall, Newton Center, Mass. we find *The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective* (London, 1894), by C. L. Pirkis. Of this writer and sleuth we know nothing: does anyone recommend them as readable? ☞We learn by a shopping article in the *New Yorker* that at 26 E. 55 is a shop called *Trade Winds*, specializing in baby clothes, chocolates, and "incredibly fragile pastries delicately flavored with cheese." We can't help thinking they must have got the idea from reading poor old Q. ☞J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton of London are jointly in search "for a first novel in the Great Romantic Tradition." ☞The circular describing the Quest of This Holy Grail is very genial. What they desiderate is "a novel written in the fine romantic vein of Hervey Allen, J. B. Priestley, Raphael Sabatini, Daphne du Maurier, Rachel Field, James Hilton, F. Van Wyck Mason, and Margaret Mitchell of the present day or of such past literary giants as W. J. Locke or even William Makepeace Thackeray with his 'Vanity Fair' and Charles Dickens with his 'Tale of Two Cities.'"

☞Speaking of *A Tale of Two Cities* we remember that years ago we were rash enough to found a carnival society "To make New York and Philadelphia love one another." ☞This eventually cost us our job, in both cities. ☞But to continue: the two houses remark that "the publishers are firmly convinced that for a writer to continue successfully in his work he should be relieved of economic worries." Therefore they offer a three-handed prize: $2,500 outright, an assured income of $2,500 per annum for the next four years, and a Travel Award. "If an American wins the prize, he or she will be given a tour of approximately four weeks with all expenses paid in Europe (including London, Windsor, Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and Rome). If a British competitor wins, he or she will be given a tour of approximately four weeks with all expenses paid in the United States (including New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, and Miami)." ☞It will be wise, we agree, not to encourage the winner to go to Philadelphia, where he or she might be a nuisance. ☞The folder of instruction gives the competitor detailed suggestions, for instance: "Whether a man or a woman, you must be able to differentiate between sentimentality, passion, and true romantic love." ☞This competition was originated (says the circular) and will be managed by the literary agents Raymond Savage (London) and Sanders & Conroy (New York). ☞They forgot that even the authors of Great Romantic Novels sometimes have a sense of humor. ☞The most amusing advertisement we have seen lately was Wanamaker's of costumes imitating "Shaker simplicity." They emphasized "an uncarnal little fichu of lacy organdy on sinless dotted Swiss." ☞This would please Bertha Damon's Grandma, in the book S & S are so intelligently plugging. ☞Rereading this and that we came on T. S. Eliot's *Thoughts after Lambeth*, nothing to do with dancing, a powerful essay written after the Church of England conference at Lambeth in 1930. ☞Mr. Eliot concluded: "The World is trying the experiment of attempting to form a civilized but non-Christian mentality. The experiment will fail; but we must be very patient in awaiting its collapse."

The most talked-about book in America today is LIN YUTANG'S wise and witty personal guide to the true enjoyment of life.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

of the ideal teacher. The other essays, interesting enough in themselves, have but little to do with the rewarding job of schoolmastering. They run from "What Should Schoolmasters Really Teach?" with its conclusion that ideal results can be achieved only when we have an instructor who is eager to teach working with boys who are keen to learn, through "The Development of the New England Academy" and "The Promise of Progressive Education," to a lecture delivered before the undergraduates of fourteen English public schools, wherein Dr. Fuess discusses America as a melting pot, or as a frontier of civilization. The connection of this admirable essay, or the one called "English Public Schools," with the subject suggested by the title is extremely tenuous.

The reader searching for a discussion of the creed of a schoolmaster will find little beyond the first essay to reward his search; the reader who wants a few random essays loosely connected with the broad subject of education will be quite content. Archibald MacLeish says

A poem should not mean,
But be.

And the thousands who have come under the great influence of Dr. Fuess at Andover may well conclude that the same thing is true of a schoolmaster.

D. A. S.

Travel

NEW DESIGNS FOR OLD MEXICO. By Henry Albert Phillips. McBride. 1939. $2.75.

God help the courageous travel writer who sets out in these times to write another book on Mexico that shall not be just another book on Mexico! It has become the most competitive enterprise in the literary arena, with every tourist eligible. Mr. Phillips is not the ordinary tourist by any means, but the variegated surface of Mexico has been so documented, catalogued, surveyed, appraised, checked, and double-checked by travel-writers that the enterprising newcomer of today finds nothing but submarginal land and some overlooked subsurface wealth that has not already been exploited.

Mr. Phillips's study begins with an extended analysis of Mexican politics—past, present, and to be—that is as confused and amateurish as the average account of foreign politics left by those speeding travelers who write as they run. The same holds for the analyses of religion, ethnology, and sociology that follow. Though they hit on most of the characteristics of the Mexican people, they completely miss its essential character, its fundamental common denominator of nationality. Probably the author's very conscientiousness in tasting everything in the available time made it impossible for him to digest what he tasted. In two chapters he approaches the subject of Mexican archeology on tiptoe and hastily retreats again, leaving a few isolated boners behind him. As the book progresses, however, the pretentious analysis of Mexican culture is gradually abandoned in favor of the simple, unsophisticated traveler's account of visually observed facts at which he is able and reliable. It ends sadly, in view of the ambition that marks its beginning, with a little list of hotels, restaurants, nightclubs, travel agencies, and so on, which can be recommended to the prospective tourist without any reservation. Like so many before him, Mr. Phillips came to Mexico for gold and remained to raise beans.

L. J. H., Jr.

The Human Side of BRIDGE BY ELSIE GRAY

Help and advice for the beginner. Some excellent points for advanced players. Full of common sense.

50c WESTMINSTER PRESS
37-68 79th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

FREIGHTERS

Complete concise booklet explains how to travel EVERYWHERE at lowest rate via freighter, cargo-passenger ship, and motor vessel, the pleasant way thousands of teachers, physicians, writers, business people, etc., go. Romantic Mississippi River cruise, $18; Europe, $65-$70; round-the-world, $389. Hundreds of other low-priced trips. The COMPLETE guide to ALL low-cost travel describes clothes to wear, life on ship, etc. Can save you many dollars but costs only 25c. Send coin or stamps for "Foreign Lands at Stay-at-Home Prices." HARIAN PUBL'S, Dept. HBG, 270 Lafayette St., N.Y.C.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, an open fire. Central heating. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

YOUNG MAN, 20, experienced in Commercial and Portrait Photography desires work. Will locate anywhere. Box 109-D.

SECRETARIAL TRAINING on beautiful Cape Cod this Summer. Write Cape Cod Secretarial School, Hyannis, Massachusetts.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally located adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the Hayden Planetarium and American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Accommodations for the literary or non-literary person who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter and spring. Newly-furnished and decorated 1 room apt's and suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchen—from $90 to $190 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City. (Caution: Make 1939 World's Fair reservations early.)

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for winter vacations. Good food. Reasonable rates.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—an old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

A FOLKSY homestead in the Hills. $3.50 daily. Restricted. The Farm on the Hill, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

PERSONALS

CEDAR LODGE home for elderly men. Quiet, modern. Box 31, Monkton, Vermont.

WHAT would you give for freedom from fear, worry and unrest? Try my method. Others have used it with success. Send Quarter. Box 378, Ashland, Wis.

BRIDES OR COLLECTORS, attention. 2-piece set, exquisite, genuine Rosepoint lace, for sale. Wedding gift to writer's grandmother, but never used. Also young lady collector will trade California match books. Box 120-D.

DOCTOR'S academic outfit wanted, Columbia Ph.D. Box 121-D.

YOUNG WOMAN invites correspondence with those having an interest in Art, Ethnology, and Orientalia. Box 122-D.

PERSONAL PUN: "The Superman." A Satire about Nietzsche. 25c. A. Kubisch, New Berlin, N. Y.

THE ROVING SECRETARY will drive to your door (fifty miles) Extensive publishing experience. Meetings reported. Winifred Clark, 143-16 Sanford, Flushing 9-2216—9-1207.

UNSOPHISTICATED BACHELOR, neither young nor old, seeks congenial correspondent. Interests: gardening, English cathedrals, history and stories of Old South. Collector of old school books. Box 123-D.

EXPERT RESEARCHER in American history, fine arts, desires connection in city. Experienced: newspapers, magazines, letters, diaries, books from 1750. Has brains and personality. Box 124-D.

WANTED to buy—Book or art store well located Manhattan. Give information regarding rent, etc. Werner Kalischer, 122 West 71st St., New York City.

NEW YORKER, tall, spectacled, thirtyish, driving from Fair to Fair this summer, craves wayside conversational refreshment. Box 125-D.

POSTERITY is on the way, highly desired but unendowed. Young widow can type, take dictation, handle business or personal correspondence, keep accounts, catalog library, do research, tutor in liberal arts and chemistry, teach music, play the pipe organ, cook, manage household pleasantly, garden, assist nature hobbyist, read aloud, talk or listen. Would family living in country or village not too far from doctors be interested in any of these services until October in exchange for maintenance and small salary? Box 126-D.

ANXIOUS TO PLACE my excellent housekeeper in family needing able management and wishing intelligent human as houseworker; manages on limited budget, exceptional cook, intelligent, friendly with school age children. Box 127-D.

HIGHLY EDUCATED Italian widow, two young dependent children, needs work. Qualified college teacher. Box 129-D.

EDUCATORS, PROFESSORS, and writers. Professional research worker wishes part time employment. Box 128-D.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty or more consecutive insertions, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; fewer insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Good Books. Particularly Walt Whitman and Lewis Carroll. Catalogue 78 on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

OUR "SENTIMENTAL CATALOGUE OF Rare American Children's Books 1820 to 1920" gladly sent upon request. Pegasus Book Shop, 144 East 61st St., N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BARGAIN OFFERS

LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB books in new condition—cheap. Send for free lists. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

MILLIONAIRE'S LIBRARY NOW ON SALE. Over 500 sets finely bound in Levant, Morocco and Calfskin. Priced from 50 cents to $15.00 per volume. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue (New York).

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, 56th, New York's only French Bookshop where French books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder catalogue, 20c stamps.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street, Dept. 300, New York. Telephone BR yant 9-5214. (Established 1921.)

OUR SERVICE CONSISTS of supplying items for your library, which you cannot easily obtain; books, periodicals, prints and autographs. An inquiry will incur no obligation. Specializing in foreign items. INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY GUILD, Dept. B, 1860 Broadway. COLUMBUS 5-2075.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, New York.

SOURCE AND OUT-OF-PRINT book specialist for Authors, Collectors, Librarians, Researchers. Louis Greenfield, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS.—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, SOLD. Intelligent, personal assistance for publication. New Authors invited. Expert reviews, criticism, editing, revision. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

STORIES, manuscripts, books, verse, criticized, revised, marketed. No reading charge. Send MSS. New writers helped. Ghost writing. Speakers for all occasions. MARANATHA WRITERS-SPEAKERS, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

REAL REASONS FOR REJECTION are seldom given by publishers. Advice on revision. Sale of novels, stories, non-fiction. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Excellent connections publishers, Boston, N. Y., Phila. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston.

FASSETT'S—708 Buchanan, Durham, N. C.: Stories, 3c word; Poetry, $1 line.

EDITING, REVISING, INDEXING; translating from German, French, Spanish, Italian; research; proof-reading. Professional references. Mornings 9-12. AStoria 8-4554. Louise Brink, 21-25 29th St., Astoria, New York.

RESEARCH—approved dissertations and theses published on cooperative basis. High royalties. John Melzer, Ph.D., Research Editor, University Post Publishing Company, Ashland, Ohio.

WRITERS, DO YOUR STORIES or articles fail to "click" with editors? Let a selling author help you. Constructive criticism rates—manuscripts up to 2,000 words, $1.50; each additional thousand, 75c. Roger Winship Stuart, Hillcrest, Canisteo, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED in both English and German. German translation efficiently handled. Kindly call TR afalgar 4-6798 weekdays between 2 and 4.

Double-Crostics: No. 259

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	■	1-V	2-A	3-G	4-B	5-O	6-N	7-M	8-F	9-Y	■	10-J	11-W	12-E	■	13-T
14-G	15-F	16-Z	17-H	18-B	19-A	20-Y	21-Q	■	22-S	23-F	24-N	25-X	■	26-P	27-Z	■	28-O
29-K	30-F	■	31-A	32-I	■	33-D	34-L	35-A	36-M	■	37-N	38-L	39-Q	40-O	■	41-W	42-I
43-H	■	44-S	45-U	46-R	47-Y	48-M	49-F	50-T	51-I	52-N	■	53-Q	54-I	55-Z	56-L	57-A	58-B
59-K	■	60-T	61-H	62-D	63-I	■	64-J	65-H	66-X	67-T	■	68-E	69-C	■	70-C	71-B	■
72-H	73-S	74-E	75-M	76-A	77-F	78-K	■	79-P	80-A	81-O	82-G	83-W	84-M	85-F	86-U	87-Y	■
88-H	89-B	90-F	■	91-W	92-V	93-M	94-I	95-L	96-T	97-Y	98-D	99-X	100-E	101-B	102-S	■	103-Q
■	104-F	105-E	106-D	107-S	108-V	109-P	110-U	111-W	■	112-D	113-M	114-B	115-X	116-A	117-N	118-U	119-S
■	120-K	121-Z	122-J	■	123-C	124-O	125-L	■	126-N	127-Q	128-S	129-T	130-C	131-P	■	132-G	133-I
134-C	135-Z	■	136-Y	137-U	138-H	139-L	140-X	141-C	142-G	143-D	144-V	145-Q	146-W	147-I	■	148-D	149-N
150-V	■	151-O	152-Z	■	153-L	154-Y	155-Z	■	156-S	157-R	158-I	■	159-T	160-X	161-R	162-U	■
163-Q	164-C	165-G	166-E	■	167-W	168-T	169-J	170-Y	171-L	172-V	173-B	174-O	175-D	176-S	■	177-C	178-J
179-W	180-B	181-N	182-R	183-A	■	184-J	185-A	■	186-T	187-O	188-S	189-G	190-E	191-F	192-X	193-L	194-D

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Surpassed in sneering.

B. Series of paintings by Whistler.

C. Grandfather of Perseus (Gr.).

D. Refuse.

E. Flagrant.

F. Combined by blending.

G. People engaged in esoteric contemplation.

H. Romance by Sir Philip Sidney.

I. Prolonged (music).

J. Give style to.

K. Poet Laureate (1715).

L. Opponent.

M. Recently cut down (comp.).

N. American composer (1898-1937).

O. John Gilpin's destination.

P. American poet (1872-).

Q. Although (obs.).

R. Pertaining to dawn.

S. Throwbacks.

T. Natural capacity or power.

U. Large quantities.

V. Longs eagerly.

W. Reverses (noun).

X. American statesman (1794-1865).

Y. Close marching (2 wds.).

Z. Runic alphabet.

WORDS

2 19 76 185 80 35 57 31 116 183

173 71 18 180 101 114 89 4 58

123 130 141 164 69 177 134 70

175 148 98 143 112 106 62 33 194

166 190 68 105 100 74 12

85 191 30 8 49 15 104 23 77 90

3 132 189 165 14 82 142

88 138 72 61 43 17 65

63 133 147 158 54 42 51 94 32

169 184 178 10 64 122

78 29 120 59

56 125 139 171 38 193 95 34 153

93 113 84 7 48 36 75

37 181 117 52 149 126 6 24

174 151 40 81 124 5 187 28

109 26 79 131

127 103 163 53 145 39 21

161 157 182 46

44 128 107 119 188 102 22 73 156 176

67 129 13 50 186 60 168 96 159

162 45 86 118 137 110

150 108 92 172 144 1

179 111 11 167 41 91 83 146

160 115 140 99 192 25 66

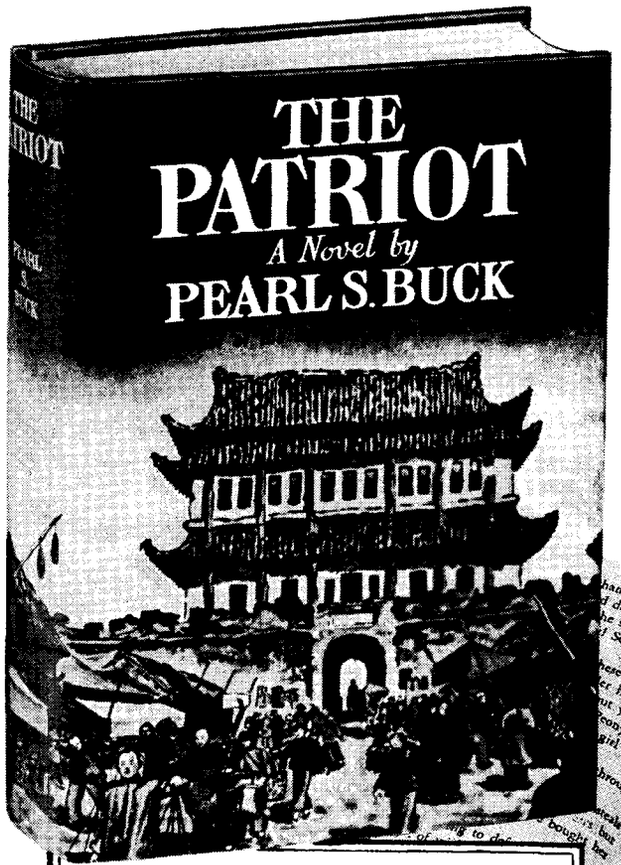
20 154 47 97 9 170 87 136

16 155 27 121 152 135 55

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIRST NOVEL WITH AN ORIENTAL SETTING IN FOUR YEARS BY THE WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

PEARL S. BUCK



"A MOST DISTINGUISHED NOVEL"
–CUE

"SHE POSSESSES THE UNLEARNABLE GIFT OF THE STORY-TELLER"
–THE NEW YORKER

"A GREAT WOMAN LIVING IN OUR TIME" *–CHICAGO DAILY NEWS*

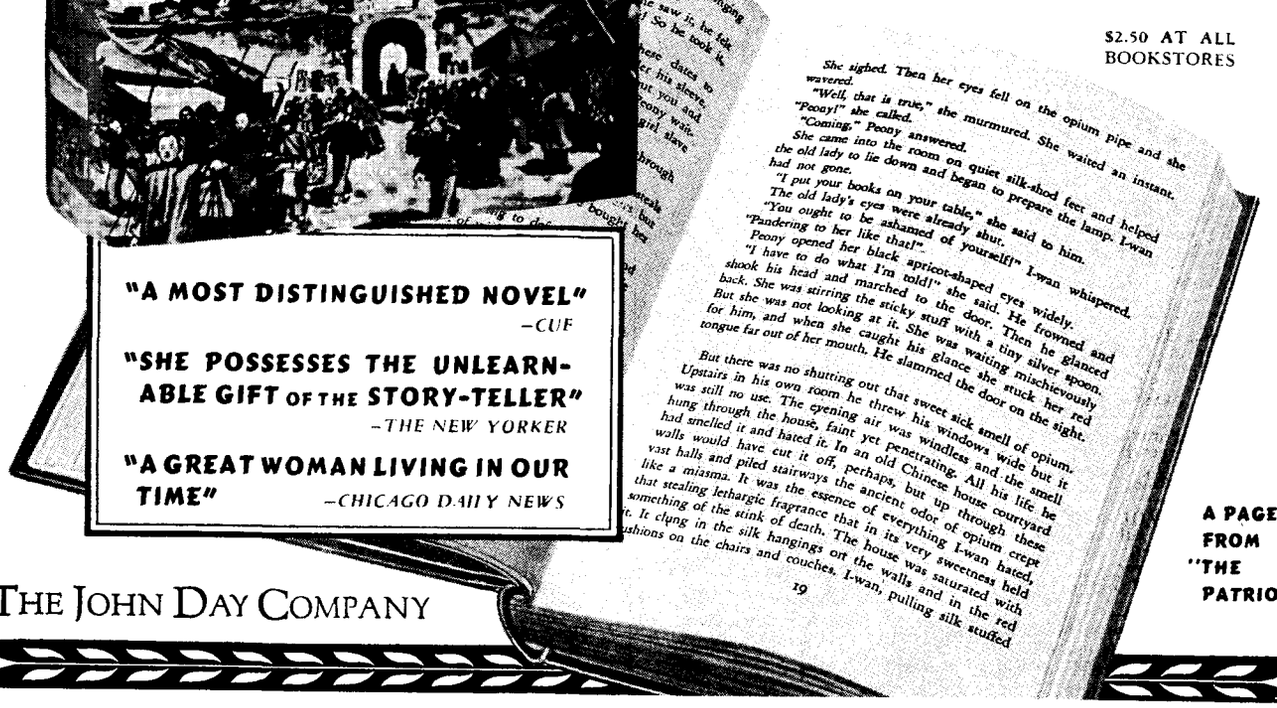
"EPIC GRANDEUR . . . POWER AND BEAUTY"

–N. Y. TIMES

"IN THIS first novel since she received the Nobel Prize, Pearl Buck has set mounting tension, slow growth of patriotism, and epic grandeur of resistance in terms of a sympathetic human story. *The Patriot* is a genuine love story to the end (the story of a young Chinese married to a lovely Japanese wife), a stirring chapter in contemporary history; and there is never a moment when, whether in power or in beauty, it is not vivid, moving and significant."

–New York Times Book Review

$2.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES


She sighed. Then her eyes fell on the opium pipe and she wavered.
"Well, that is true," she murmured. She waited an instant.
"Peony!" she called.
"Coming," Peony answered.
She came into the room on quiet silk-shod feet and helped the old lady to lie down and began to prepare the lamp. I-wan had not gone.
"I put your books on your table," she said to him.
The old lady's eyes were already shut.
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" I-wan whispered.
"Pandering to her like that!"
Peony opened her black apricot-shaped eyes widely.
"I have to do what I'm told!" she said. He frowned and shook his head and marched to the door. Then he glanced back. She was stirring the sticky stuff with a tiny silver spoon. But she was not looking at it. She was waiting mischievously for him, and when she caught his glance she stuck her red tongue far out of her mouth. He slammed the door on the sight.
But there was no shutting out that sweet sick smell of opium. Upstairs in his own room he threw his windows wide but it was still no use. The evening air was windless and the smell had smelled it and hated it. In an old Chinese house courtyard walls would have cut it off, perhaps, but up through these vast halls and piled stairways the ancient odor of opium crept like a miasma. It was the essence of everything I-wan hated that stealing lethargic fragrance that in its very sweetness held something of the stink of death. The house was saturated with it. It clung in the silk hangings on the walls and in the red ushions on the chairs and couches. I-wan, pulling silk stuffed
19

A PAGE FROM "THE PATRIOT"

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED